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TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MINNIE MAY.

Sitting in the gathering shadows
Of the twilight's tender glow,
Well known forms come flitting by me,
Of the happy long ago;
Shadows that looked dim and vacant,
Into loved forms seem to glide;
Old age, manhood, blithesome childhood,
Now again are by my side.

Thro' the time past faintly ringing,
Steals a music sweet and clear;
Startling up the olden echoes,
With their notes of merry cheer.
One by one the links of memory
Gently glide to place again,
Till in harmony completed,
Forms once more the golden chain.

Listen to the song that's swelling,
Faintly first, then clear and sweet;
Tells of sorrows past forever,
Singe of happiness complete;
Nor shall cease the joyous measure,
Till with the bright throng above,
Loud the anthem is repeated
In that land where all is love.

A Southern Cartestano—"The Rebel Generals Wheeler and Wharton Falling Slowly Back, Contesting Every Foot of the Way."

FROM A SKETCH BY A REBEL OFFICER.

The above, engraved expressly for Ilus Poer from an engraving in Frank Leslie's paper, is one of a series of sketches by an officer in General Bragg's army, which represents a scene that met the artist's eye in the movements that resulted in the battle of Murfreesboro'.—On it is written: "Driving in our Cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Wharton, who slowly fell back, gallantly contesting every foot of the way.—*Daily Illed Banner, December* 26, 1863;" and the rebel officer evidently designed to give a striking illustration of Southern official reports by showing the gallant contest as he saw it.

SURE TO WIN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

You wish to hear the old man's story, my dear, and how your mother and I first made acquaintance? Well, if it will give you pleasure, so be it. The circumstances are still fresh in my memory; but if I trip, there sits the other partner in the firm—God bless her comely face!—ready to amend the record.

Just thirty years ago, last Hilary term, Colonel Josiah Stark, H. E. I. C. S., C.B., ex-commander of that famous regiment the Bogglywollah Fencibles, returned home from India. Age seventeen, he sailed away, with a smiling, ruddy countenance and a gleeful heart; age sixty-seven, he came back, with a sallow, war-worn visage and a diseased liver. Truth compels me to admit that the colonel was neither prepossessing in appearance nor amiable in character. Tall, broad-shouldered, and grim, with large, irregular features, and iron-gray hair bristling like bayonets, he did not strike you, even at first sight, as a man likely to do a kind action; you felt instinctively that he would have looked upon it as weakness. Woe betide the beggar who asked of him an alms! if a man, the colonel growled out a stern inquiry why a sturdy fellow like the applicant wasn't at work, or serving the king, and ominously twirled his cane; if a woman prayed assistance and bread for starving babes, he held her in conversation until a policeman passed, and then gave her in charge for vagrancy.

During his residence in India, Colonel Stark had shaken the pagoda-tree to some purpose. Yellow sovereigns, bright and glittering with the effigies of the first gentleman in Europe; or pleasant, crisp papyri, bearing the signature of one Mr. Abraham Newland, were the fruit he had gathered. When the colonel considered he had amassed, not enough—no sensible man ever does—but at any rate sufficient to live upon in comfort for the rest of his days, he turned his thoughts towards home. One crowning pleasure he reserved to be still enjoyed, and this consisted in setting up as the great man of the neighborhood into which he had been born.

So Colonel Josiah Stark retired from the service, and returned to England, bringing with him, as appendages of his state—*item*, one shivering Hindu servant called Johtee Lall, attired in white garments, with a turban like unto the hues of the rainbow; *item*, one large and heavy bamboo, brass-tipped, many-knotted, with whose weight and calibre Johtee Lall was painfully familiar; and *item*, one red-eyed, handsome white cockatoo, reported well-versed in oriental slang.

Finding upon his return to Bayfield, a pleasant country residence called the Ferns, about two miles from the town, the colonel hired the place, furnished it with the luxuries long residence in the east had rendered necessaries, and installed himself and his household in this new abode. Then came a difficulty.

The colonel, after realizing his property in India, and laying out the plan of campaign for his future life, had overlooked the fact, that he must have somebody to superintend his household. A week's residence at the Ferns awakened him to the necessity. Why did he not engage a housekeeper? you will say. The idea did just flit across his mind, I admit, and with a lordly air he looked down the columns of the *Times* for the article he required. As he read, a vision uprose before him of an elderly female in black, with a sharp nose and a vinegar aspect, who cast in her employer's teeth, when rebuked, the recollection of the dear departed.

"Never, so, never in all the years as we was married," the colonel seemed to hear his housekeeper wail, "did my Mr. Kenspeckle find fault with his victuals. Never would he have allowed *anybody* to say an 'arsh word to his Harabella. But alas! the dear saint has long been a hangel in 'eaven, and his poor lone widder must suffer in peace."

To which the colonel caught himself replying:—"D——n it, ma'am, and I wish you did."

Or, yet worse, he might engage a housekeeper with matrimonial views; and the colonel shuddered when he thought of what a terrible catastrophe this would be. He was rich, single, and elderly—not old; I should think not, indeed. What if the limit of man's years were placed at threescore and ten, and he only wanted three years to complete that period; age, after all, is only comparative, and should be reckoned by vigor and strength of constitution.

"There's many a youngster at five-and-twenty not half what I am at sixty-seven," quoth the colonel grimly, as he tossed aloft his brawny arms. "I should be a devil of a catch for some designing jade, I should. No; that would be worst of all."

In short, the chances of comfort in engaging a housekeeper were terribly hazardous and dead against the colonel. Whether he was wept at or married, the result would be equally fatal to happiness.

"And what can I do with a woman that don't suit me?" pondered Colonel Stark. "Not what I should if we were in India. There I should have a khansamaun to look after the house; and if he didn't do his duty, he'd be tried up at the halberds, and the drummer be laying on fifty before the nigger could squeak Jack Robinson. But what are you to do with a woman?"

And the colonel groaned again in utter perplexity of spirit. Suddenly, a bright idea flashed across him—his daughter Letty! Why, she was the very thing; open to none of the objections that had troubled him, his own child, who would naturally look after her old father's comfort—here the colonel grew pathetic—and smooth the passage of the few remaining years he yet might have to live. Besides, there was economy in this arrangement. For eight or ten years he had been investing capital in his daughter's education; she should now repay the outlay with interest by her affection and care. So Letty Stark, aged seventeen, was brought home from school to superintend her father's household.

There was one peculiar feature in Colonel Stark's character which rendered him a very difficult man to agree with—this was mistrust. The author of his own fortunes, compelled from early youth to keep a watchful eye upon his interests and expenditure, the habit had increased with age to universal suspicion. He may have had cause. A long experience of men in an arduous profession has taught me that the majority will swindle you if they can. I don't mean to say there are not exceptions, but there being such only proves the correctness of the rule. Never give any one an opportunity to get the advantage of you, and you will be spared many vexations and much loss. This is my candid opinion as a professional man. I should charge a stranger six-and-eightpence for the advice; but I give it you, reader, for nothing.

Still, there are limits to all things. Colonel Stark stepped over the limits, and distrusted everybody without distinction. His causeless jealousy poisoned his wife's existence. Meanings and intentions of which the poor lady was entirely innocent, were attributed to all her words and actions, until, she being of frail and nervously susceptible organization, the colonel positively worried and suspected her into the grave. Nor did he entertain a more favorable opinion of her daughter, or of the sex in general.

"Cats, sir," he would designate those delightful creatures—"cats, nothing more. Always trying to dip their whiskers in forbidden cream, and purring meekly about you, to make you believe 'em honest."

Coupled with universal distrust, the colonel entertained another unpleasant persuasion—this was, that all the world had entered into a conspiracy to hoodwink—or, as he expressed it, to "do"—him upon every possible occasion, which naturally begat a strong determination upon his part never to be done. Successful evasion of various artful snares had produced its necessary consequence, an overweening trust in his own sagacity and clearness of sight; so that I verily believe there did not march up and down upon the earth's surface a more self-confident and conceited individual than he.

Now, at the time Letty Stark came to live at the Ferns, I, Caleb Stutely, was articled to my Uncle Ferril, a solicitor, in large practice at Bayfield, and the professional adviser of many of the county families round the town. He had acted as the colonel's agent for years. To his care Letty had been consigned upon her mother's death in India; by him she had been placed at the same school with my sister Grace, now in London, married; in his house the girls had always spent their holidays; and the inevitable consequence of all this was, that though both of us were children in the eyes of our sagacious elders, Letty Stark and I were very old and intimate friends indeed.

At what precise period of my acquaintance with Letty I first began to—to—well, to feel a *tendre* towards her, at this distance of time I am quite unable to say; I only know that when the sentiment dig manifest itself, its growth was marvellous. Like Jack's beanstalk, it sprang up in a night. The first symptoms were an unusual diffidence, a strange embarrassment in Letty's presence, exaggerated by a painful sense of personal deficiency. Up to that hour I had thought I was rather a good-looking fellow than otherwise; thenceforth I believed myself hideous; I depreciated my teeth, I abhorred my budding whiskers, I considered my figure anything but fine. Of a night I established myself before the looking-glass in my bedroom, with a candle on each side the mirror, and fell to abusing my perfections seriatim.

"Call this coarse, ropy fibre, hair!" I would exclaim, holding up my hyacinthine locks—which, by the way, must be surely blue! "Ah, look at Letty's, curling round her delicate head like the tendrils about a sweet young vine. That a complexion, that mottled, sunburnt skin! Not for a second to be likened to my Letty's lovely red and white, blending so exquisitely that you cannot note the line where lily blushes into rose. And I to aspire to such perfection! I wonder at, and hate myself for the presumption."

I made a great fool of myself, my dear, but I had taken the fever badly, and went regularly through all the stages of the disorder. However, in spite of my conviction of Letty's infinite superiority, I did somehow one day muster courage to enter my suit. Perhaps my pleading was too eloquent to be resisted; perhaps the judge was kindly disposed towards me; anyhow, the summing-up was entirely in my favor, and, to my extreme delight, the verdict also. Therewith, one step in advance was certainly made, yet not the most important one. It was all very well, and gratifying enough to the parties especially concerned, for Caleb Stutely, bachelor, and Letitia Stark, spinster, both of the parish of Bayfield, to exchange vows of eternal constancy and plight each other their troth, as these two rash young persons did upon various notable occasions; but they were not, after all, the chief parties to be consulted. What would the colonel say, when he came to hear of the matter? Ah! what *did* he say? Even after the lapse of thirty years, I still shudder at the remembrance. The event happened at a party given by my Uncle Ferril at his house in Bayfield. Hunting about with his customary suspicion, Colonel Stark observed that his daughter and I were absent from the room; he instantly proceeded in search of us. As ill-luck would have it, Letty and I, having just finished a quadrille, were at that moment engaged in a chat in the shrubbery immediately over the window at which the colonel stood. Hidden by the friendly curtain, he overheard my declaration and Letty's confession, and, before we were aware of his presence, he had burst in upon us like a tornado.

"Come along, come along, you—you jade!" he shouted, hauling my poor girl by the wrist into the midst of the astonished dancers. "I'll put a stop to this. Well have no more billing and cooing behind the old man's back, I promise you. Be off this instant; toss on your things, and order the carriage. And as for you, young Futtockins," continued the colonel, turning to me, and thrusting his bony fist like a smiling bottle close under my nose, "dammo, sir, I've a great mind to break every blank bone in your blank, rascally, pettifogging carcass."

The commotion occasioned by this proceeding may be easily imagined. Letty rushed with crimsoned countenance to the door, followed by many of the younger ladies, who were indignant at the colonel's coarse violence, and stood by their order. The more severely virtuous and matronly-looking flowers them mostly, by the way—drew themselves up with an air of connubial rectitude, and frowned reproof upon the culprits. For my part, I was furious. I recollect making a rush at the colonel, with some vague intention of choking him summarily upon the spot, but was promptly collared and held off by my Uncle Ferril. Others threw themselves between us, and edged me into a corner, while the colonel was half persuaded, half hustled from the room. In five minutes more, I heard the carriage which contained my Letty drive away.

This untoward accident broke up the party; gentility both dreads and loves nothing so much as a scene, and here had been a scene with a vengeance. One by one our guests pleaded fatigue, or alleged other pretexts for what was in reality desire to get away and talk over what had taken place; and in a short time my Uncle Ferril and I were left alone.

"Well, nephew Caleb!" said my uncle, calmly, raising his eyebrows into notes of interrogation, when the last visitor had quitted the house. "This is a pretty business, truly. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Not a bit," I answered stoutly. "There's no shame in liking a charming girl like Letty, I should hope, uncle. The only shame in the matter belongs to her brute of a father, who called me a pettifogger too—confound him! If you hadn't stopped me, uncle, I'd have had an apology out of the old tyrant, or I'd have known the reason why."

"Pish!" replied Uncle Ferril, leisurely taking snuff. "You speak like a very young man, nephew. If you really felt offended at a hasty expression, the law affords the remedy. Colonel Stark is a man of substance, and the epithet is no doubt actionable. See Skinnum *v.* Jagg, *Q. B. Rep.* 44, where defendant telling plaintiff he was no gentleman, plaintiff obtained a verdict upon the ground of being entitled by Act of Parliament to write himself Esquire. Again, Diachylon *v.* The O'Blatherum, M. P., *C. Pl.* xvi. 96, is even more in point. In this case, an Irish defendant refused to defray plaintiff's charges for plastering a broken head. Defendant, who had been bred to the bar, conducted his defence in person, and becoming excited, pleaded that plaintiff was only "a low thief of an apothecary," not a duly-qualified practitioner; but Buck, C. B., quoted high authority to show that the objection was shabby, and could not stand. Some plaintiff then brought a second action, arising out of the former, against same defendant, for the libel uttered in open court. Defendant pleaded license of counsel as a justification; but a verdict was recorded against him. He appealed, and carried the case before all the tribunals, until it reached the House of Lords, where judgment was finally delivered in original plaintiff's favor—Bruffum, at that time chancellor, opining defendant would have had a better plea if he had alleged irresponsibility from imperfect cure; as it was evident upon the merits, that all (if any of) the brains originally knocked out could not have been replaced. A full report of these interesting and important proceedings will be found in Prater and Clatter's *Remarkable Cases*, t. 97.—But with respect to Colonel Stark, I leave you to judge how far an action against the father would advance your suit with the daughter."

"I should have brought a very different kind of letter to that poor girl at, to have proved favorable to her," replied Uncle Furril. "I shall call on her personal benefit, however; I can't part with Stark; but the cruel consequence to which he has subjected Letty in every other matter, and for that I shall positively call him to account."

And I paced up and down the drawing-room in great exasperation.

My uncle was a bit of a philosopher in his way. He leaned back in his chair, and watched me for a minute or two with some amusement.

"It's curious," he said presently, "to observe how completely passion blinds even tolerably sensible persons to positive fact. Here have you, by an ill-timed display of attachment to Letty Stark, provoked her father to exercise his legal authority as a parent over that infant, and you now feel immensely indignant at the consequences of your own act. Have the goodness to push up the chair you have just kicked over, if you please. You are so valuable. Thank you. You feel indignant, I repeat, and threaten Colonel Stark with personal violence—most reprehensible and unprofessional, I must say—because he rightfully rebukes his daughter for impropriety of conduct. Love, Caleb, appears strangely at variance with logic in your mind. May I trouble you to replace the coal-scuttle?"

"Then you actually mean to defend the man's brutality, uncle?" I demanded in greater anger than ever. My uncle had a most annoying way of putting things, which made him seem generally in the right.

"No, Caleb; there you mistake. Your usually clear mind is not apparently at this moment able to perceive the true gist of my argument. I do not excuse the manner in which Colonel Stark thought proper to exert his authority; I only assert his undoubted right, and your consequent unreasonableness; that is all. And now we will proceed to discuss what had better be done."

So my uncle having satisfied his forensic mind by placing the question in its correct legal bearing, yielded to his natural kindly heart, and sympathized with my unfortunate love-trouble as fully as an unprofessional uncle might have done.

The position was certainly awkward. But while it was simply unpleasant to me, for Letty it was really serious. To be the subject of comment for the sneers and intendoes of the malicious and spiteful, is bad enough in an extensive sphere; in the little circle that constituted the Bayfield world, it was social death. Letty must be rescued from this situation without delay. My uncle therefore undertook to proceed next morning to the Ferns, and propose in due form for the immediate recognition of our engagement.

This decided, I felt comparatively at ease. Sanguine and tolerably self-assured, I had little fear that the colonel would not consider me a fit match for his daughter. My uncle was wealthy, and I was his heir; I had property of my own even then; and when my articles expired, I was to enter the firm. Some trifling difficulty might perhaps be raised upon the score of unequal rank, but the colonel had no ancestry whose names might be offended by a *mesalliance*, while I was the descendant of an ancient family. Even my uncle admitted that he did not believe this obstacle would be insuperable.

Alas! short-sighted lawyers that we were! Neither of us conceived in what direction the actual hindrance would be found.

CHAPTER II.

Were I to live to the age of Methuselah, which heaven forbid, I should never forget the tremor of nervous anxiety in which I passed the time of my uncle's absence upon his mission to the Ferns.

Very sagacious people aver that whenever you have to wait for anything, time passes quickest in occupation. I am not prepared to deny the fact, but I do maintain that in this particular mess are at a disadvantage. Ladies are more favorably placed. Many ways of employing time are open to them which are closed to the sterner sex. The excitement of recovering a dropped stitch, the absorption of rectifying a mistaken pattern, are exhaustless sources of feminine delight.

It will not seem singular, then, that I considered the two hours and twenty-five minutes of Uncle Furril's absence at least thrice that period. When he finally returned, I sprang to meet him.

"Well, uncle," I exclaimed, "what news?"

Now, my Uncle Furril was a very methodical man. Nothing less than an earthquake, I think, could have moved him to omit a habit; so I was not surprised to see him deposit his cane in its accustomed corner, hang up his hat on its usual peg, slowly draw off his gloves, and folding one within the other, place them in his pocket, and sink into the comfort of his leather-backed chair, before he prepared to deliver his report. As for expecting to gain a clue to what had passed from the expression of his countenance, was he not a solicitor of many years' standing? But I was too eager now to give these circumstances due weight.

"Well, uncle?" I repeated hastily. "What did old Stark say? What will he do? When may I see Letty?"

"Unfavorable. Very little—nothing. Not at all," returned my uncle inconsolably, answering my questions seriatim.

"Old Heavens, uncle! Why, what do you mean?"

"Just this—it is not Colonel Stark's intention to permit Miss Letty to marry."

"Not at present, I suppose. Well, no matter. We are young, and we can wait. What time did he fix for probation, uncle?"

"The colonel mentioned no particular period, Caleb," pursued Uncle Furril. "The impression he conveyed to me, in fact, was that he did not intend Miss Letty to marry at all."

"What! never?" I roared. "Why, the unconscionable old barbarian! Does he expect to keep the poor girl in single wretchedness all her days?"

"Such, I was given to understand from his own lips, is his anticipation," returned my uncle gravely.

"Oh, preposterous, ridiculous, absurd!" I shouted. "The thing is impossible, upon the face of it. Why, uncle, he can't. He surely never intends to seclude her from society altogether, to make her a female hermit, to shut her out from the world in the bloom of youth! He doesn't entertain such medieval notions of parental authority as that would argue, uncle?"

"Something very nearly approaching thereto, I am afraid, Caleb," replied Uncle Furril with a sigh. "The colonel's line of argument, so far as I was able to follow it, appeared to be this. He has no especial objection to you personally, further than that you desire to take away his child—to rob him of her, was his expression. You seem a decent young fellow enough, he obligingly observed, and would probably make as good a husband as another. But he objects to any husband for his daughter, as I gather; at least, during his lifetime. Her first duty, he remarked, is to her father. He has had her educated and brought up at considerable expense; he has never yet reaped any benefit from the capital thus laid out, and he intends, again to use his own expression, to make his money of her now. He has no notion, he says, of some good-looking gawk—don't be angry—stepping in and carrying off his child, just when she is beginning to afford some return for what she has cost. In short, he considers that, as her father, he has the best right to her services. And really, Caleb," concluded Uncle Furril, offering me his snuff-box, "the colonel's position is, legally, so entirely unassailable, that I do not see what can be done. Try the mixture; it's genuine blackguard, I assure you."

"Done, uncle!" I repeated, aghast at this unexpected turn of affairs. "I'll tell you what's to be done. If I can't get Letty with her father's consent, I'll have her without it. I'll carry her off to Scotland, and marry her at Gretna. That's what's to be done, if we can't bring Colonel Stark to reason."

"There's only one trifling obstacle to that course, Caleb," returned my uncle, "and it happens to be precisely the one the colonel expects you will adopt. His last words to me, in fact, were: 'Tell your youngster, Furril, I wouldn't advise him to beat up my garrison in search of the prize; I'm too old a soldier to be taken unawares. A lawyer's skin may be of parchment, but it won't keep out a brace of bullets.'"

"The brute!" I ejaculated in dismay. "Then, uncle, what on earth *is* to be done?"

"For the present, I should recommend nothing. Perfect quiet and apparent resignation. For a time, of course, the colonel will be upon his guard, but his vigilance will soon wear off. Time, and a little patience, will solve the difficulty, I make no doubt. I'll trouble you for Mr. Verney's deed-box, if you please."

Therewith the subject dropped.

But it was impossible for me, however easy to my uncle, to bury my sorrows in Mr. Verney's deed-box; and catching up my hat, I rushed away—out of the office, out of Bayfield, out of the world I half intended, in the madness of my rage. What might have occurred, I hardly know, if, turning a sharp angle of the road, I had not encountered and almost trodden under foot the colonel's Hindu servant Johtee Lall. Ordinarily, I shunned this man. There was a writhing servility in his manner, so different to anything I had heretofore encountered in persons of a similar class in my own country, that I could hardly bear to speak to the fellow civilly. Even his color was a fault in my prejudiced eyes. But there were other circumstances which swelled the dislike I entertained. The Hindu was a coward and a bully; I had seen him frighten children, when he thought himself unnoticed, with hideous faces and uncouth gestures, until the little things ran shrieking for refuge behind their mothers' gowns. Let but a sturdy laborer approach, whose Saxon heart and strong right arm were ready to protect the helpless, and Johtee, fawning with obsequious grin, would try to attract the tiny creatures he had just repelled. The spiteful mischief of the ape, the sinuous, gliding motion of the snake, and the ferocious appetites of the tiger, where their indulgence appeared secure, seemed mingled in the fellow's nature. Thinking of Johtee, I have wondered sometimes at the siege of Delhi, but could thoroughly understand the horrors of the Indian mutiny.

In my present frame of mind, however, the sight of the Hindu was welcome. Two bribes he found it impossible to resist—his fingers always closed with an instinctive clutch on gold, and he could never withstand the temptation of a glass of brandy-pawnee, or grog. From [illegible] I knew I could depend on him as to the colonel's proceedings at the Ferns; perhaps I might even persuade him to convey a note to Letty. Telling the Hindu to follow, I went straight to the bar of a country inn upon the Bayfield road, and administered a strong dose of the Indian bribe. It proved only too effectual. His weak head was unable to bear the liquor; and although I gained the intelligence I desired, I saw it would be too hazardous to intrust him with anything which, in his intoxication, he might easily betray.

That same evening, shortly after dusk, I set out to reconnoitre the enemy's position, for you may easily suppose I was not to be deterred by Colonel Stark's threats from attempting to gain an interview with Letty. I walked slowly down the road, and it was dark when I passed the swing-gate on the path leading to the Ferns. Treading very gingerly—partly from professional caution, partly from dread of man-traps—I approached the house. Lights shone from the dining-room windows, lights streamed from the casements of the servants' offices. Cautiously I stepped up to the dining-room, and breathing upon the rime-clothed panes, peeped in.

The enemy was seated at the table, alone, over his wine, big and burly. Behind his master's chair stood the Hindu, with folded arms, his dark features glistening over his white robes and beneath his gaudy turban, the light falling upon the yellows of his gleaming eyes. Something had evidently put the colonel in high good-humor; perhaps he felt pleasantly replete with dinner; perhaps he was meditating upon the success with which he had that morning repelled my uncle. Whatever the cause, he laughed aloud, and called to Johtee to bring him the big bamboo.

The Hindu glided to the corner where this instrument was usually kept, raised it reverentially between his palms, and laid it, with a low salam, before his master. The colonel took the bamboo, poised it like a sceptre in one hand, and ordered his slave before him.

"Now, Johtee, you see this?" said the colonel.

"Iss, Sahib."

"You know what I keep it for, eh, boy?"

"Iss, Sahib."

"Well, then, now listen to me. If ever you come home drunk again, Johtee, as you did this morning, or carry any messages, Johtee, or letters, Johtee, except for me, or break any of the rules and regulations of this garrison, Johtee, do you know what'll happen to you, you scoundrel, eh?"

"N-n-n-no, Sahib," stuttered the trembling wretch.

"Why, I'll flog you within half an inch of your life first, then clap you in jail for five years, and have you blown from a gun afterwards. D'ye hear, ye rascal?" roared the colonel, as he brought down the big bamboo upon the table with a rap that made the decanters reel.

"Iss, Sahib," stammered affrighted Johtee, with a lower salam than ever, as he received back the instrument of torture, and reconveyed it humbly to its appointed place.

Leaving the colonel to the magnanimous amusement of practicing upon this wretched creature's fears, I slid on tiptoe round to the servants' offices, and looked in at the kitchen windows. The prospect here was not more promising than in the dining-room. The evening being cold, the servants were gathered about the fire in a group. How was I to gain speech of one of them alone? Fortune here stood my friend. The man I desired to speak with was the gardener. Letty was fond of flowers; she must be often in the green-houses and garden; this man would have frequent opportunities of conveying a note. As I was thinking how to get hold of him, the man rose, grumbling that he must go out in the cold to look after his fires. He lighted a lantern, opened the door, and stepped into the garden—I followed. When he was a little distance from the house, I called him in a low voice. The man turned, held up his lantern, saw my figure looming large through the darkness, advancing towards him, was seized with a sudden panic, and fled with a shout back to the house.

"Thieves—thieves! murder! robbery!" yelled the gardener, as he burst into the kitchen, arousing a chorus of shrill screams from the terrified women. Anathematising his cowardice, I beat a hasty retreat, and retiring behind the shelter of a friendly bush, awaited what should follow. To the voices of the frightened women were speedily added the gruff tones of Colonel Stark, calling to Johtee to bring his pistols, and inquiring why they were making all this hubbub. Gazing from my concealment, I saw the enemy's portly frame blocking up the doorway, while the women peeped timidly from under the shadow of his wing. Next moment he rapidly fired a couple of barrels right and left, one ball singing closely enough over my head to enable me to realize being under fire.

"What savages these old soldiers are!" was my involuntary exclamation, as I crouched closer than ever to the ground, and wished my protecting bush of twice its size. The house was now thoroughly alarmed, and further attempts at exploration useless. As nobelessly as possible I [illegible] and made the best of my way back to Bayfield.

Next morning I received the following characteristic note from Colonel Stark:

"Young Puppy Pounce—My house was disturbed last night. The one of a gardener, whom I've just sent about his business, says by thieves; but it's my belief that you were the culprit. Now, mark this: I've just sent up to town for a couple of the fiercest bulldogs that can be bought for money. They will be here to-morrow. Look out, therefore, for the safety of the professional hide.

"Letty knows I'm writing, and sends word she has nothing to say to you.—Truly, yours, JOSIAH STARK."

This was atrocious. I ground my teeth as I handed the epistle to my uncle, who perused it with a smile.

"Upon the whole, Caleb, not unpromising, I think," he said, as he returned the billet. "It is something to have made the enemy speak. Now, keep quiet for a little, and let us watch the effect."

"Well, I took my uncle's advice, and restrained my ardor, though heaven knows it was a difficult task. I went about my ordinary duties, made no attempt to communicate with Letty, behaved as if there were no such tormenting little person in the world, for a full month; then, also by my uncle's advice, I recommenced hostilities—in a clumsy way, however, and by channels sure to be detected, if the colonel exercised ordinary sharpness. I bribed the laundress to smuggle in a note with the house-linen, taking care to be previously seen talking to the woman by one of the servants at the Ferns. Next day the colonel came down to the office in high glee, and with quite a polite air handed me my note, remarking he should be sorry to detain any property upon which I possibly set a value. Similar measures were met in the like manner, until at last sagacious Colonel Stark, convinced of the utter futility of any efforts of mine to break his blockade, and strong in the conviction of his excessive cleverness, came forward with a proposal which, at a given period, should terminate the strife.

"Uncle not in, young Pounce?" said the colonel, swinging one morning into our office with an easy air. "No matter. It's you I want to speak to principally. Now, just listen to me. For the last six weeks you've been trying your utmost, in one way or another, to communicate with my daughter Letty behind my back. Letty's a good girl, and I don't believe she would have anything to say to you against my will. However, that's not the question. The plain state of the case is this: you say you love Letty, and want to get her. I say I've got her, and I mean to keep her. Now, it's quite evident we can't go on playing hide-and-seek like this for ever; either you must give in, yield all claim, and shake hands amicably, or I must carry Letty away somewhere—to town, or abroad, or even back to India—where you can't follow. Hey, what do you say to that, youngster?"

I could only reply that, much as I should regret to be the cause of Colonel Stark and his daughter, even temporarily, leaving the Ferns, I could not consent, in fairness to the lady, to give up the hold she had assured me I possessed upon her heart, save at her own desire.

"Very good. That's as much as to say you won't give her up. Now, look here. I've come to propose an arrangement. You have plenty of assurance, I know, and no doubt fancy you will ultimately win the day. I have a fair share of experience in strategy, and I don't think you can. Let us put the matter to the test. Try you for the space of six months to take me in, deceive me, clearly, plainly, in my own house, under my own nose, if you like, so palpably that there shall be no mistake about the matter. If you succeed, I'll surrender Letty. If, on the contrary, you fail to hoodwink me within those six months, you shall give me your word and honor—even a lawyer's got some, I suppose—to draw off your forces and raise the siege. You shall relinquish all right, claim, title, and all the rest of your jargon, to take advantage of any promise my girl may have given you, and leave her free and unmolested to marry or not to marry, as she and I may settle. Now, there's a fair, straightforward proposal, and I'll give you ten minutes to think about it."

The colonel placed his watch before him upon the table, took up the *Times*, and plunged into a leader.

My uncle luckily coming in at this moment, I laid Colonel Stark's proposition before him, and requested his advice. When the appointed time had expired, the colonel emerged from the newspaper.

"Well, youngster, what's the decision?" he inquired.

"Colonel, I accept."

The conditions of this curious compact were speedily reduced to writing. The document was signed, sealed and delivered. A duplicate was prepared for me; the original was handed to the colonel, who buttoned it with a chuckle securely inside his breast-pocket, asked if he should give my love to Letty, and with this Parthian shaft departed on his way.

You see, Colonel Stark had such profound reliance upon his own sharpsightedness, and felt so thoroughly convinced that he must win.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ For every real, actual dollar that the rebel government spends, it goes in debt sixteen.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Broks of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southwardly from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

THE CHIVALRY.

As the very word chivalry, in its original meaning, signifies knights or horsemen, the wealthy classes among the rebels have always been in the habit of vaunting the peculiar superiority of their cavalry. The Northerners were vulgar plebeians, who could not be supposed able to fight well on horseback, whatever they might do on foot. And there was this much reason in the boast, that, the roads of the older Northern states being much better made and provided with bridges than those in the South, the Northern people had unfortunately gradually abandoned in a great degree, the manly use of the saddle, for the more effeminate use of the carriage. Therefore the war found the Northerners of the Atlantic states comparatively poor riders, and in the first encounters with the rebel cavalry, the latter generally came off much the best. But a year or two has altered all this. Our cavalry regiments have not only learned to ride, but to wield the sabre in the most effective manner. And the "chivalry" now are growing very loth to encounter them. As sufficient evidence upon this point, we copy the following article from the Richmond Whig of the 2nd inst.:—

A special despatch to the Richmond Enquirer, dated Orange Court House, September 30th, 1863, says:—A considerable cavalry fight occurred to-day, beginning near Madison Court House. "Our forces fell back some three or four miles." True, in this instance "we captured seventy Yankees," and there may have been good reasons for "falling back." But this tune of "Our Cavalry Fall Back" is becoming too familiar in the Army of Northern Virginia. Nobody expects "our cavalry" now to do anything but fall back.

Time was when Stuart's cavalry was the pride of the country. It was never dreamed that the clumsy Yankee, unused to horseback, could rival, much less surpass it, but such is the lamentable fact. Since Kelly's Ford and the great review at Culpepper Court House for the benefit of the ladies, our cavalry has gone under, and we have been forced to the shameful admission that *Yankee tailors and shoemakers on horseback are superior to the cavaliers of the South.* Certainly the cavalry engagements of the last six months have ended with the same old song, "Our Cavalry Fell Back."

The cause of this deterioration is unknown to us. It is alleged that the enemy's horse is invariably supported with artillery and infantry; but this is denied by competent authority in regard to the most famous cavalry "fall back" of the war, that from Middleburg to Ashby's Gap. But be that as it may, we also have artillery, comprising some of the best batteries in the service, connected with our cavalry, and the artillerists fight bravely, so much so, indeed, that their guns are captured for want of support.

If this painful state of things be not past cure, we suppose the commanding General will apply the necessary remedy without delay, else our cavalry will soon become a disgrace to the country, and be scoffed at by the people as they are now by the infantry. What makes our mortification over these innocent "fallings back" tenfold more acute, is the fact *that the vast majority of the cavalrymen are Virginians.*

Later accounts go to show that the despatch of the 23d, to the Enquirer, was based upon misrepresentation of cowardly fugitives, and that our cavalry acted well, all things considered. Still there was a "falling back," in spite of the fact that General Lee knew the attack was going to be made, and was "wide awake." It has been long since we heard of anything brilliant achieved by our cavalry, and now would be a good time to give the country a pleasant surprise.

Apropos to this subject, we quote the following extracts from a letter to the Examiner, dated Abingdon, Va., detailing the results of operations in the vicinity of Bristol, Tenn. The writer says:—

"Straggling parties of our glorious cavalry, without guns, pistols, or sabres, are now slowly wending their way to the front—a mighty good sign there is *no danger* in that direction. They are *the laughing stock of the women:* but the farmers who behold them, tremble for their hogs and cornfields.

"At Bristol there was not a Confederate soldier, except the flying cavalry, who inspired pity and contempt rather than confidence. Under these circumstances, any resistance on the part of the citizens would have been worse than useless, as being hopeless; it could only have resulted in the certain destruction of the town. Had the Confederate authorities made any show of fight, the citizens, almost to a man, would have stood by them.

"The uninitiated may think that the panic at Bristol, and the desertion and destruction of property there are new things, unusual circumstances. Not so, unfortunately. These same panics, *and flights of cavalry* and Government officers, with their lamentable consequences, have occurred in hundreds of places where the Yankees have approached, but there has been no one to tell the disgraceful tale. That the Republic should suffer no detriment, newspapers must have been deprived of correspondents, and I think it has been done many times."

The above admissions of the leading rebel papers sound very appropriately with the caricature which we give on our first page from the pencil of a rebel cavalry lieutenant to Bragg's army. We think we Northerners may be tempted before long to put in our claim to be called "the chivalry"—winning the prize thus fairly in the knightly list, not of the mock tourney, but of real war.

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY.

About a century ago, it was a favorite doctrine of European philosophers, that the white race dwindled away in size and strength when transplanted to the American continent. Such a doctrine is certainly maintained by many learned gentlemen of the old world. Perhaps the best way to convince them of their error, would be to induce them to take a trip through certain portions of the United States, Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Western states generally, for that matter, with portions of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, to inhabited by a very tall and well developed set of men. But a correspondent of the Pharenological Journal thinks that the very largest man in the whole Union are to be found in Maine. He says:—

While you have spoken of the Kentuckians, Tennesseeans, West Virginians, and Marylanders, as being so large and finely developed, permit me to say that the true Titans of America have escaped your notice—men among whom, though nobody myself, I have walked, feeling myself among gods—physically speaking, of course—men beside whom the Highlanders are in a measure pigmies—men among whom *six feet three inches* and a chest of forty-two, forty-eight, and even fifty inches are not uncommon—I mean the backwoodsmen of Maine, to whom three generations, spent for the most part in the open air, battling with the play monarchs that gist the Union over, the Mocsehead, and other lakes and streams of that wild, bracing, Northern climate, have given the most gigantic development of physical power which I ever saw or had any authentic account of.

The truth is, we judge, that wherever men are found pursuing avocations in the open air which require a great deal of physical strength—and are moreover well fed—there you will find a well-grown, athletic race. And in proportion as the occupations of a people are within their houses, and an of a light character—or where they are insufficiently fed—there the race will gradually become weak and stunted.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

A French physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pain from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy, about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boboo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus's Dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural, is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief, on the part of children as well as of older persons—and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

☞ A marriage of a remarkable character took place at Alcester parish church in England on the 5th of September. The bride, "Peggy Paine," found her way to church on crutches, and was met there by the bridegroom, George Smith. Their united ages amounted to one hundred and thirty years. They were married in due form, and on leaving the church departed to their respective homes.

☞ Mrs. Swinheim writes from a Washington hospital: "Hon. Mrs. John Potter and Mrs. Senator Pomeroy both died since I came to Washington, of fever contracted in hospitals. Mrs. Gangewer, of the Ohio Relief, who has been aiding me from the first, in distributing, is now ill with typhoid fever."

☞ "Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts!"

☞ A house was set on fire in Bangor, the other day, by rats carrying matches between the floor and nibbling them. The varmints are very fond of the phosphorus with which the matches are covered.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MRS. M. B. GRIER,
Chairman Executive Committee.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE,
Corresponding Secretary.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer,*
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

For the information and encouragement of our auxiliary societies, as well as for the purpose of inviting them to renewed exertions, we publish the following letter entire:

C. J. M.

SANITARY COMMISSION,
CENTRAL OFFICE, 244 F Street,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 3, 1863.

DEAR MRS. MOORE,—

The time is at hand when the chill autumn nights, to be followed by the frosts and snows of winter, will take the place of the heats of summer, and the cry of the army patients and surgeons will be for warm clothing and bedding, instead of for cotton garments, mosquito netting and fans. However thankful we may be at the success of the Union arms, and however certain of their eventual triumph, there seems to be no sound reason for believing that the war will end very speedily; and, while it lasts, we may be sure that the women of the country will insist on their privilege of supplementing in articles of comfort and delicacy—suitable for the sick and wounded in hospitals—the necessaries which government so liberally provides for their husbands, lovers, sons and brothers in the field. While recognizing this, our experience during the last two winters reminds us of the necessity of preparing in season for the extensive calls which will soon commence, and which will continue throughout the winter for warm clothing and bedding. Quilts and blankets, woolen under-clothing and socks, will, judging by the past, be the articles of this kind most in demand. After these bed and pillow-ticks, warm, thick dressing gowns or wrappers, slippers, sheets, pillow cases, towels and handkerchiefs. Of edibles, the chief demand will doubtless be, as heretofore, for stimulants of every kind, jellies and farinaceous food, dried fruits, and preparations of beef, milk and vegetables.

I enclose with this a schedule showing the amount of stock in the Washington depots at this date of these and other articles most in demand. In a parallel column is shown their aggregated amount in the storehouses of our branches, in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, according to the latest weekly reports furnished by them to this office. By this you will perceive that our stock of blankets, quilts, woolen drawers, bed-ticks, pillow-ticks, wrappers, dried fruit, farina, stimulants and jellies is very low; and that, so far as most of the articles are concerned, the same is true of the stock of most of our branches. You will not fail to observe that appearances indicate a return of our old troubles in collecting woolen drawers in quantities adequate to match our woolen shirts; for while we have on hand 7,998 of the latter, we have only 440 of the former. In view of this indication, according, as it does, with our past experience on this head, I would suggest the propriety of your calling special attention among your correspondents to the fact, and of requesting them to organize their sewing labors so as to secure proportions of shirts and drawers more nearly equal. You will also observe that we have on hand but 30 pillow-ticks, 20 sponges, 3 bottles of gin, and 3 of brandy, while our branches have none of any of them; that we have but 4 wrappers, and 3 barrels of dried fruit; and that the united stock of the depot and those of our branches is of the following articles, only:—Blankets 401, abdominal bandages 290, bed-ticks 580, (we had yesterday an order from the Army of the Potomac for 500 bed-ticks.)

Your experience has doubtless led you to the same conclusion as my own, namely; that for our supplies of made-up dry goods—by which I refer to quilts, under-clothing, socks, &c., and of made up edibles—I mean jellies, preserves, pickles, dried fruit, &c., we shall have to depend in great part on our country contributors; while for imported liquors and wines, preparations of beef and milk, and for fine groceries generally, our dependence must be almost entirely on the cities, or letter on the funds contributed by the city residents; for the major part—I may say nearly all—of this latter expensive description of stock has hitherto been purchased directly from the dealers by the Commission and its branches. It would therefore be well—I think—that our methods and correspondence should be simultaneously conducted with reference to these ascertained facts, and that we should make the most of the advantages afforded by what have been demonstrated to be the natural channels of supply, rather than that we should endeavor to force the current in directions which our theories incline us to regard as the legitimate ones.

The excess of the stock on hand of linen rags, lint, and bandages over the current demands is almost all the depots tributary to the Commission was, in the early part of the year, so great that some of the correspondents of this office proposed to sell their overplus to the paper manufacturers, and use the proceeds in the purchase of supplies of which there existed a deficiency. I was impressed, however, with the conviction that this surplus would be but temporary, and that it simply resulted from the accumulations of old linen made before the commencement of the war in the households of the country; while I thought that the expansion of this accumulation, and the high prices for the basis of this kind of stock ruling in the market since the commencement of hostilities, would prove an effectual bar to such surplus in the future.

I stated my impressions on this subject to my correspondents, and I am happy to say they were dissuaded from carrying out their intentions. On reference to the figures, you will perceive that the aggregate amount of these materials now on hand in this depot and in those of our Branches, is only as follows: Lint 286 bbls, old linen 263 bbls, bandages 236 bbls. If this stock should, by the chances of war, be heavily drawn upon within a month or two, some exertion will be required to replenish it, in sufficient quantities throughout the winter.

In reviewing our labors in the past and anticipating our prospects for the future, it cannot fail to afford matter of remark and congratulation to realize the extraordinary support which has been extended to the Commission, and, through it, to the national cause, by the loyal women of the country. For, while money has been freely provided for its treasury by the rich men of the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic coasts, the articles of clothing and the delicacies in the way of food, contributed by the women—rich and poor alike—have ten-fold exceeded, in cash value, the donations of the former. And it will, perhaps, encourage your correspondents to know—what I can assure them is the truth—that of the twenty thousand (20,000) cases of invoiced goods—some of them containing articles valued at several thousand dollars—which have been forwarded to this depot of the Commission, not more than one or two have failed to reach us. And it may also be satisfactory to know that the proportion of money expenditure made by the Commission for the various purposes of the remuneration of its employees, rent, freight, postage, and all other incidental outlays, does not amount to much more than (2) per cent. on the cash value of the distributions made through its agency to the soldiers of the country.

Very respectfully,
And truly yours,
ALFRED J. BLOOR,
Assistant Secretary.

MRS. H. BLOOMFIELD MOORE,
Corresponding Secretary Woman's Penn.
Br. U. S. San. Com. Philada.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the W. P. B. of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the appointment of the following Associate Managers was unanimously confirmed:—

Miss LAWSON, Milton.
MRS. AUGUSTUS LIPPINCOTT, Hillsgrove.
MRS. ANNA M. SAYRE, Laporte.
SARAH JOHNSON.

Will the latter please send us her proper address?

We have received a letter from Washington, saying, "It is apparent that it will require every effort to be made for sufficient supplies of blankets, quilts, woolen under-clothing, (particularly drawers) stimulants, jellies and farinacea."

Among other articles in demand enumerated, are—Socks, games, magazines, needle books, jellies, syrups, flannel, abdominal bandages, &c., &c.

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

OCTOBER 5th, 1863.

St. James' Church, Phila., 1 package.
Samuel Bradford, 1 box.
Latheran Church, Altoona, Blair county, 1 box, Miss C. S. Lewis, Sec'y.
Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 1 keg, 1 barrel, Miss E. C. Blackman.
Soldiers' Aid, Springville, Susquehanna co., 1 box, Mrs. E. U. Scott, Sec'y.
Soldiers' Aid, Lathrop, Susquehanna county, 1 box.
Soldiers' Relief, Church of Holy Trinity, Phila., 1 package.
St. Thomas' Church, 1 package, Mrs. Lucretia Bowers, President.
Miss Jackson, 1516 Pine street, wool socks.
S. G. Rich and neighbors, Croton, Delaware county, N. Y., 1 box.
Miss Mary Wilcox, wool socks.
Deacon S. Peterson, 300 Sat. Evening Posts.
Chatham Aid Society, 2 boxes, 1 keg pickles, Miss Alice Jackson, Sec'y.
M. E. Church, Pottsville, Schuylkill county, 1 box.
Soldiers' Aid, Tunkhannock, Wyoming co., 1 bag, Mrs. H. E. Little, Pres.
Miss Collet, clothing.
Mrs. Bladen, 317 South Ninth st., delicacies.
Mrs. Whipple, No. 4 West Penn Square, clothing.
Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga county, 1 bbl., Mrs. J. P. Morris, Pres.
Loyal Women, Yoder township, Cambria co., 3 boxes, 1 bag.
Ladies' Union Aid, Dr. Brainer's Church, clothing, Mrs. J. C. Farr, Pres.
Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county, 1 box, Miss Charlotte S. Lewis, Sec'y.
Church of the Saviour, West Phila., 2 pkgs., S. H. Goddard, Sec'y.
Dansville, Montour county, 1 box, Ladies' Aid, Miss M. A. Montgomery, Sec'y.
Miss Mifflin, 230 South Broad st., 1 package.
School Lane Circle, 1 package shirts, Mrs. Warner Johnson, Sec'y.
A lady, 1 package.
Hillsgrove, Sullivan co, Aid Society, 1 box.
Lewisburg, 3 boxes, Ladies' Aid, Mrs. Dr. Dickson, Sec'y.
Mrs. Julia A. Tiffany, Dimock, Susquehanna county, preserves.
Northumberland, 1 box, Ladies' Aid, Miss Harriet Jenkins, Sec'y.

☞ Lt. Commander H. A. Adams, Jr., U. S. N., in command of the naval forces in Mississippi Sound, had occasion, a short time since, to communicate, under a flag of truce, with the rebel commander at Mississippi City, who, arriving on board the flagship for the purpose of the proposed interview, was found to be the brother of the commander. After the business was over and a brotherly chat had, they parted—the rebel saying, as he got into the boat, "Whatever happens, Hal, recollect one thing, we will always be brothers." Both are sons of Commodore Adams, U. S. N., an officer who has sacrificed much—feelings as well as property—by remaining true to his country.

☞ Capt. Fuller, formerly commander of the rebel gunboats Cotton and Queen of the West, recently died in hospital near Sandusky, Ohio. During his sickness he sent a request to his sisters to come and see him, but they refused to hold communication with a traitor. Even after his death, their abhorrence of his cause was so great that they would not attend his funeral, and objected to "placing his rebellious bones by the side of his loyal father's grave."

☞ Brigadier General Robert Anderson, U. S. A., has been ordered before the Army Retiring Board, and it is expected that he will retire from active service, as, since the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in 1861, he has not been equal to the fatigue and excitement incidental to service in the field.

Amusing Typographical Blunders.

It is a singular fact, that the edition of the Latin Vulgate, by Pope Sixtus the Fifth, although his Holiness carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, has ever remained without rival in typographical inaccuracy. Still more curious was the fact, that the Pope, in the plenitude of pontifical infallibility, predicted in the first volume a bull of excommunication against any and every printer, who in reprinting the work, should ever make any alteration in the text. To the amazement of the public, however, when the Bible appeared, it swarmed with errors too numerous for an errata. In a multitude of instances it was necessary to reprint whole passages in scraps, and paste over the incorrect verses. Great efforts were made to call in the edition; and it is now only to be found among rare collections, as a monument of literary blunders. If the devil ever troubles himself about the correction of proofsheets, he was much more likely to be standing at the Pope's elbow while the Bible was printing, than to be bothering his head in regard to the poor monk's mass book, to which allusion has been made.

Typographical errors happen in a variety of ways; sometimes by carelessness, sometimes by the ignorance and stupidity of the printer, and sometimes by design. Occurring in either way, they are often ludicrous, and sometimes productive of positive evil. A few examples of each variety will suffice.

In the fine description of the Pantheon, by Akenside, the expressive phrase "SURVEYED great," not being understood by the printer, who undertook to think for himself, was printed "*servedly* great."

An edition of the Bible was once published in England, in which the word *not* was omitted in the seventh commandment. For this offence, whether by carelessness, or by design, the Archbishop imposed the heaviest penalty ever recorded in the annals of literary history. The edition was required to be called in and destroyed, and a fine imposed of £20,000 sterling.

There was a more severe punishment than even this awarded in Germany once, for a wilful alteration of the sacred text. It seems that in Gen. iii. 16, the Hebrew word which has been rendered *husband* in the English translation, is *lord* in the German. It is the passage in which God tells Eve: "And thy desire shall be to thy husband, who shall rule over thee." The German word signifying lord is HERR; and in the same language the word NARR answers for fool. The case was this: A new edition of the Bible was printing at the house of a widow, whose husband had been a printer. The spirited lady, not liking the subordinate station of her sex, and having acquired a little knowledge of the art, watched an opportunity by night to enter the printing office; and while the form was lying on the press, she carefully drew out the letters *H* and *a*, and inserted in their stead the letters *Na*. The outrage was not discovered in season, and the Bible went forth declaring that man should be the woman's fool. Such, probably, is too often the case, but the gentlemen would not like to see it in print. Gravely, however, the person committing such an offence must needs stand in awful apprehension of the fearful curse denounced in the conclusion of the Apocalypse.

An edition of the *Catholic Missal* was once published in France, in which the accidental substitution silently of the letter *u* for an *a* was the cause of a shocking blunder, changing, as it did, the word *culotte* (an ecclesiastical cap or mitre) into *culotte*, which, as my readers are aware, means, in drawing-room English, a gentleman's small clothes. The error occurred in one of the directions for conducting the services where it is said:—"Here the priest will take off his *culotte*."

Among the errors that have occurred through design was one which happened in the old *Hudson Balance*, when the Rev. Dr. Croswell was the editor of that ancient and excellent journal. A merchant by the name of Peter Cole chanced to get married. Cole, however, was very unpopular, and was not one of the brightest intelligences even of those days. The bride, too, was a little more no than yes, in her intellectual furnishment. It used to be a common practice in the country, in sending marriages to the press, to tack on a bit of poetry in the shape of some sweet hymenial sentimentality. In compliance with this custom the groomsman added a line or two from one of the poets, where the bard speaks of the bliss of the marriage state, "when *heart* meets *heart* reciprocally soft." The wicked boys in the printing office, however, corrected the poet, making the stanza read thus:—

"When *head* meets *head*, reciprocally soft."

Another instance, more ludicrous still, was the following: A lad in a printing office, who knew more about type setting than he did of the Greek mythology, in looking over a poem they were printing, came upon the name of *Hecate*, one of the lady divinities of the lower world, occurring in a line like this:—

"Shall reign the *Hecate* of the deepest hell."

The boy, thinking he had discovered an error, ran to the master-printer, and inquired eagerly whether there was an *e* in cat. "Why, no, you blockhead," was the reply. Away went the boy to the press-room, and extracted the objectionable letter. But fancy the horror of both poet and publisher, when the poem appeared with the line:—

"shall reign the HE CAT of the deepest hell."

But let a form of types, arranged either for book or newspaper, be ever so correct when sent to the press, errors not unfrequently happen from yet another cause, viz: the liability of now and then a letter to drop out, when the form has not been properly adjusted, or locked sufficiently tight in the iron fame which by printers is called a chase. How important the loss of a single letter may become is seen by the following example: A printer putting to press a form of the Common Prayer, the *e* in the following passage dropped out unperceived by him:—"We shall all be CHANGED in the twinkling of an eye." When the book appeared, to the horror of the devout worshipper, the passage read:—"We shall all be HANGED in the twinkling of an eye."

But, after all, when it is considered of how many separate and minute pieces of metal a book form or the page of a newspaper is composed, the wonder is that errors of the press are not far more numerous than they are. A single page of one of our largest papers cannot contain less than 180,000 separate pieces of metal, each of which must be nicely adjusted in its own proper place, or error and confusion will ensue.

☞ Captains Sawyer and Finn, the officers whom Jeff. Davis threatened to hang in retaliation for the execution by Gen. Burnside of two rebel officers found within his lines, have been heard of recently. A young officer, who was lately released from Libby prison, says that they are confined in a sort of cage, measuring somewhere about 6 feet by 8. This den, which is filthy and horrible, is lighted and ventilated only by a hole in the top, through which their food is let down. The natural presumption is, that they are to be tortured to death in this way.

☞ Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,
Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

AND

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,
Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT AND HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

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In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we of course prefer that the 30 subscribers should be procured independently of each other, at the regular terms of $2,00 for each subscriber. Where this cannot be done, the subscribers may be procured at any of our club rates, and the balance of the $60 forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. The subscribers may be obtained at different Post-offices.

Every person collecting names for the Sewing Machine Premium, should send the names with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (30), and whole amount of money ($60), is received the machine will be duly forwarded.

☞ Sample copies of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philada.

P. S.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice

FASHIONS FOR WINTER.

From the English Women's Domestic Magazine for October.

Winter fashions are being created and decided upon in the recesses of fashionable dress-maker's and milliner's repositories, but the autumn fashions are best to be admired on the shores at Biarritz or Trouville.

Two things strike one as particularly novel in ladies' costumes at Trouville; first, the very pretty chance colored leather boots, coming half way up the leg, and either buttoned or laced at the side, the tops being ornamented with a silk cord and two small tassels; and, secondly, the *costume de la plage*, or bathing dress, worn by the ladies in their sea-side excursions. The latter is the most eloquent among the curiosities of fashion.

These canes are simply wooden sticks, more or less carved and ornamented, with

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On this pleasant morn of the early Fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced—the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash;

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deeds and word:

"Who touches a hair of you gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

—Atlantic Monthly for October.

WIDOWED IN THE WILDS.

It is now many years since I accompanied my husband, a missionary, into the interior of Southern Africa. His undertaking was an arduous one, for he went to found a new station, and to plant the Cross among utter heathens. But he was enthusiastic in the good cause, and I had married him with the earnest desire of proving a worthy helpmeet in his labors.

In those days, missions were not organized as they are now; and when our long sea-voyage was ended, alone and unfriended, we again started for our destination, making our way in a bullock-wagon across the broad plateaus and rugged water-courses of the Amakosa country, and mounting the loftier hills and threading the wilder passes of the Griqua territory, as we pierced deeper into the wilderness. But our hearts were in our task; and when the long day's journey was done, cheerful and hopeful, we would sit beneath the stars, and learn from our guide the language of the people we were going to teach.

At length we reached our station at Natmaqua Land. When I saw the wild savages among whom our lot was cast, my heart was ready to sink; but the goodness of our purpose upheld me; moreover, there was little time for fears, for a house must be built ere we could live in one, and a chapel be erected before we could commence our duties; and toiling with our own hands, aided by our guide and driver, who remained for a while to help us, we at length completed both. Humble little edifices they were, of wattle and clay, with a palm-leaf sheathing; but they sufficed for the wants of those who had no worldly vanity to consider.

It was a joyful day when we first heard the little bell ring out over the kraals, summoning their inmates to the chapel, at one end of which my husband was to instruct the men; while at the other I should try to instil into them rude wild women the womanly and Christ virtues; and though for a time these efforts were met by peals of laughter, and my husband's services were more frequently sought as a rain-maker or witch-finder than as any holy ministry, yet patiently our endeavors persisted, and we won their respect and confidence, and as we hoped, in one by two cases, something more.

Then passed nearly three years; and though to the world our life at that remote mission-station might seem desolate and dreary, it was in reality full of interest, and cheered by the daily increasing hope that we had planted the germs both of a religion and civilization which would spread and bear much fruit.

Such were our prospects, when one day we learned that the great chief Leto, beneath whose protection we lived, was taken ill, and we resolved to visit him; more especially as, like most missionaries, my husband possessed some medical skill. The chief's kraal was scarcely five miles from the station, and we started early, to avoid the heat of the tropical sun; but we had hardly traversed half the distance, when a faint sound, as of rushing water, broke the intense stillness of the wilderness, increasing as we advanced, until it swelled into a succession of wild cries and fearful shrieks. Ignorant whether this might not be the form of mourning for one so exalted as Leto, we hastened on, though, when we reached the spot, it was with difficulty we could force our way through the thick bell of terrified-looking Kaffirs who were eagerly pressing forward to witness the scene within.

At length we reached the front; but very different was the sight we looked on to what we had anticipated. On one side, stretched on a dingy mat, lay the mighty chief, whose will was law over hundreds of miles and thousands of lives, his huge form writhing with neuralgic pains, and his stern countenance discolored by suffering. But his eyes glowed with rage as he exclaimed to us, with a doubly guttural intonation: "I am bewitched—an evil eye has been cast upon me. However," he added with set teeth, "I am punishing him."

Following the direction of the chief's outstretched finger, our horrified and astonished eyes fell on the form of a Kaffir bound hand and foot with withes, and pinioned to the ground; while two others, wearing the dirty feather-decorations of magicians, were busily engaged in breaking and spreading over the uncovered chest of the wretched man nests of the fierce red ant—those favorite instruments of Kaffir torture—each fresh application of which drew forth a new burst of agony from the sufferer, and elicited another flash of triumph from the sick chief's eyes.

But mingled with our horror at the scene was the feeling that the victim of this fearful superstition must at once be rescued. It was obviously a difficult task, for the prosecutor was likewise the judge, but it must nevertheless be achieved; and with all respect, in consideration of his sovereignty, but eagerly, earnestly, entreatingly, as if we had been petitioning for our own lives, we beseught the chief to release his tribesman. The answer was an abrupt negative. But in such a case, and with those frightful cries ringing in our ears, we were not to be deterred; and more zealously, more anxiously than ever, and with many assurances that health and sickness were in a Higher Hand, we preferred our suit.

At length, wearied of our importunity, the chief uttered the emphatic denial no Kaffir ever recinds. That door of hope was closed. But it was impossible for us, the servants of religion, civilization, and humanity, to stand idly by and witness such a sacrifice; and though well knowing he incurred much peril by braving the despot's will, my husband sprang to his feet, and snatching an ostrich-feather fan from one of the chief's attendants, bounded with it across the area, and pushing aside the conjurers, swept with a rapid hand the ants from the tortured man; then cutting the detaining withes, he assisted him to rise.

So sudden and unexpected was this act, that Leto and his great men seemed almost paralyzed by its temerity, while my heart trembled with fear as to its consequences. Another moment, and the chief recovered himself, and catching up an assagai, which lay beside him, ere I could interpose, hurled it, with a fierce Kaffir denunciation, full at the devoted missionary.

To this hour, I seem to hear the whir of the swift weapon, as its long slender shaft quivered through the air; to see the gleaming steel of the barbed head as it entered the side of my beloved husband, and struck him down on the very spot from which he had just rescued an innocent victim.

With a cry of anguish, I rushed to his side, while the entire Kaffir concourse was stirred by howls and deafening yells, whose meaning I did not seek to learn. My whole thoughts were with the husband moaning in, it might be, his death-agony, as I knelt beside him, and tore my dress in shreds to staunch the wounds though which his life seemed ebbing. Meanwhile, louder and higher swelled the tumult around me, until it broke on my sorrow with a terrible fear lest they were discussing the completion of their unfinished deed, which alone and friendless among that savage assembly, I was impotent to resist. At length a step approached me, and voluntarily I clasped my beloved one closer, as if that could avert his fate.

But the voice which addressed me was a friendly one—that of Keemer, the most promising of our little flock; and he came from a kraal where, prostrated with the chief to bear my wounded husband back to the station, to which was added an imperative command to return without delay to our own country, and no longer trouble his. A few other friendly Kaffirs followed, and between them the missionary was borne carefully home. That night, however, he died.

I will not speak of the grief of that sudden bereavement, which left me and my child so utterly desolate in a far country, distant from all my race and color, and beset with innumerable perils, from which we had little chance of extrication. But, first of all, a sadder duty awaited me. In that warm climate, burial quickly follows death, and the thought of the careless interment which suffices Kaffir feeling was terrible to me. The little band who had brought my husband home, and still remained with me, had never seen a coffin, but they undertook, with my assistance, to make one; and that night, when widows in more civilized lands would have been weeping in their chambers, I was preparing my husband's last covering; and when, next day, he was laid to his rest, I kept down my sobs, and repressed my scalding tears, that I might repeat above his beloved head the hopeful and consoling promises with which Christians consign dust to dust, while my little one, unconscious of our great calamity, played with the wild-flowers beside the grave.

The Kaffirs raised a lofty cairn of stones, which formed at once my husband's tomb and his security from the wandering beasts of prey; but ere it was finished, a message reached me from the chief:

"By the Kaffir law," he sent word, "the widow and children of a slain man become the property of his conqueror, therefore my child and I were his. But he would be merciful to me; and if I and mine left his territory at once, we might go free."

I was sorrow-stricken and desolate, and save for my child's sake, life was to me of little value, but the threat of so fearful a bondage appalled me. I must not yield to grief, but after one last farewell to my husband's grave, brush off my blinding tears, and flee away for more than life.

I had neither wagon nor oxen for our transport, and at first it seemed that I must take my little one in my arms, and go forth alone to encounter the chances of the wilderness. But my faithful Keemer did not desert me in this strait. The only pack-ox he possessed was devoted to my service, and he himself undertook to be my protector and guide, though, as he had never before travelled that way, he must shape his course by the passage of the sun across the heavens, and the flow of the rivers towards the sea. Never was man truer to his trust, and that through many trials. I was haunted by a perpetual dread lest the chief should repent his clemency, and send to demand us back, and Keemer shared my fears; and to escape this danger, we fled like deer before the wolf. At early dawn we mounted our pack-ox, and hastened on our unknown way, over wild hills and down precipitous passes, where a single false step would have been destruction; through thick, thorny jungles, which tore us as we passed; and across vast plains of burning sand, where there was neither tree to shelter us from the fiery sun-rays, nor water to relieve our consuming thirst; hurrying on, regardless of hunger, and heat, and weariness, until darkness brought our arduous day's journey to a close.

And through all those hours, watchful, eager, and zealous, Keemer was ever at his post, his hand on the halter of the somewhat erratic beast I rode, and his keen eye scanning the horizon, so that no foe should approach by stealth, or we ourselves unknowingly draw nigh a kraal; while it was to his bow and spear we owed our food, and to his care the discovery of the rocky nook or sheltered covert in which we passed the night. At length, to our unutterable thankfulness, we crossed the Namaqua boundary, and were safe from the dominion of its dreaded chief.

Thenceforth we travelled by shorter and easier stages, and with occasional pauses at Kaffir kraals, where, for a few beads and buttons they gave us milk and maize; and when we doubted, directed us on our way. We had crossed about half of Kaffraland, when one night, the ox on which my child and I had hitherto ridden, broke his halter, and wandering over the flat, was killed by a hyena. This was a serious disaster, and Keemer was greatly troubled at the thought, that, having no means of purchasing another, I must henceforth travel on foot. But I had suffered too many great afflictions to have much care for small ones, and taking up the sheepskin and blanket, which had formed alike our saddle and bed, I trod diligently on beside the faithful Kaffir, who, in addition to his wallet and arms, bore my little son upon his shoulder.

But though I did my best, it soon appeared our progress was reduced one-half; and so weary did I grow with this unusual exertion, that more than once we were compelled to halt for a half-day's rest. On one of these occasions we had camped beside a large sly or pond. The day was intensely hot and breezeless, and we had retreated to the deepest shade of an aged mimosa, when suddenly we perceived an extended cloud-bank showing darkly against the bright blue horizon. Something in the cloud's aspect made us watch its coming, as almost instantly, a fresh, yet violent wind, a wind of storm, swept through the brilliant sky, spreading and increasing as it proceeded, until it covered half the heavens with inky blackness, and seemed ready to burst upon the land in a furious tempest. When it reached the zenith, it began slightly to descend, emitting a strange crackling sound; and in another minute, to our infinite astonishment and consternation, like a great hail-storm, a vast swarm of locusts came rushing down—whirling, whizzing, and tumbling around us in a blinding and bewildering mass, until they lay three or four thick upon the ground.

Not a spot remained uncovered by them. Far as the eye could reach across the level prairie, nothing was visible but the shimmering gleam of the russet-brown and green armor of the aerial legions, as they battled fiercely, and ate voraciously every bud, and leaf, and blade of grass. Nothing escaped them; even the aruma on the borders of the pond, and the blue and white lotus flowers floating on its surface, were hidden beneath their struggling clusters; while the feathery foliage above our heads drooped and trembled under the universal foe.

Small as were the ravagers, it was a fearful sight; and yet more appalling was that which met our eyes scarcely an hour after, when the living cloud rose to seek fresh pastures, and we looked on the desolation it had left behind—the denuded shrubs, the skeleton-like trees, and the long stretches of bare brown earth, which that morning had been green and glowing with verdure and flowers.

If anything could have increased our horror at the scene, it was the knowledge that our path lay through this new-made desert, and that however far it might extend, we could in no way escape it, since the same dire destroyer had passed both east and west; while at the same time we knew that its kraals would immediately be forsaken, and its game would flee where pasture could be found, and that consequently no food would be obtainable. The only course open to us was to press on indefatigably, and trust to Providence to bring us to the fertile country ere it should be too late.

But the interval was terrible. Toiling over that sterile waste, the way seemed longer and the sun hotter than they had ever done before, and though the great blessing of water was still vouchsafed to us, our only food was a few scarce edible roots, save once or twice when Keemer found a lingering group of locusts, and cooked and ate them, after vainly pressing them upon us. Great as were our sufferings, for the first two days hope upheld us; but when a third and a fourth broke over those cloudless skies, and there still stretched before our eyes a vast sea of leafless desert, no words can express our bitter disappointment, our dawning despair, to which each hour added strength; while, to complete the sum of our misfortunes, my powers began to fail rapidly beneath our innumerable hardships and privations, and my hapless little one to utterly reject our miserable food.

Still, could we escape the desert, there might be hope, and making an almost superhuman effort for my child's sake, I again struggled on, urged to the uttermost by the low wailing cries which now and then broke from my suffering treasure. At length even maternal love could strive no longer, and in utter exhaustion, and, as it seemed, sick unto death, I sank upon the ground, with scarcely strength left to entrust my sorrowful companion to leave me to my inevitable fate, and endeavor to save my child.

It seemed as if the little creature understood me, for he stretched out his wasted arms, and a few tears rolled down the infant cheeks, withered and aged by suffering; and as Keemer laid him by my side, I felt with a pang that his short race was run, and that he, too, was about to tread the dark journey. By an effort I gathered him in my feeble arms. My last tie to earth seemed broken, and trying to forget the fierce pains of that miserable desert death, I prayerfully awaited its coming. At length my little one's moans and my own intolerable agony, announced his hour and mine alike had come, and with, as I believed, my expiring breath, I murmured for him and me the same words of faith and hope I had so lately repeated beside the grave of the beloved husband we were now about to join.

For the hundred thousandth time was the axiom verified, that man's extremity is God's opportunity, for when hope was past, and life was almost gone, help came. A trader northward bound into Kaffraland, coming to the devastated district, had left his wagon on its edge some twenty miles distant, and travelling on with a Hottentot attendant, to discover its extent, had providentially encountered us just in time to save our lives by the provisions he carried with him. Every kindness was lavished on us by this good Samaritan; and as soon as we were equal to the journey, his wagon returned with us to the colony, where Keemer accompanied us, and where he has ever since remained, valued by me as the friend of my greatest need, and generally respected as a most efficient teacher of the Kaffirs within the colony. But neither time nor resignation can soften the harrowing remembrance of the sorrows and sufferings attending my widowhood in the wilds.

☞ A diamond with some flaws is still more precious than a pebble that has none.

A SUBSTITUTE WANTED.

The other day Chief Engineer Dunn, of the Fire Department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted and must report myself for examination, at Lawrence, on the 19th of August.

Now I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if need be, for the defence of his country, so on the morning of the eventful 18th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes, and started for Lawrence, to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence, as all know, is situated on the Merrimack river, and its principal productions are mud, dust and factory girls. The city proper, at least that part that I saw, consisted of a long, narrow entry, up one flight of stairs, adorned overhead with a frescoing of gas meters, and carpeted with worn out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and as many huge, square packing cases, marked "Q. M. D." Scattered around this palatial entrance-hall were some forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as if they expected to be exempted by reason of old age, before the young man with the ferocious moustache should notify them of their turn. Most of them, however, were doomed to disappointment, for while they counted the hours of delay, a door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out a man and march him through the open door-way, to be seen no more.

By-and-by—that is after several hours' waiting—my turn came.

"John Smith!" shouted the door-keeper.

"That's me," says I; with a cheer from the crowd, I entered a large square room where two persons sat writing at a table, and the third, evidently the surgeon, was examining a man in the last stages of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with blue eyes and curly hair, nodded to me, and dipping his pen in the ink, commenced—

"John Smith, what's your name?"

"John Smith," says I.

"Where were you born?"

"Podunk, Maine."

"What did your great-grandmother die of?"

"Darned if I know," says I.

"Call it hapentap," says he; "and your grandfather, too?"

"I don't care what you call it," says I, for I was a little riled by his nonsensical question.

"Did you ever have boils?" says he.

"Not a boil."

"Or fits?"

"Nary fit."

"Or delirium tremens?"

"No, sir-ee!"

"Or rickets?"

"I'll ricket you."

"Did you ever have the measles?" says he. Here I took off my coat.

"Or the itch?"

"Yes, sir," said I—"that ere fist (and I shoved a very large brown one within three inches of his nose,) has been itching for the last ten minutes to knock your pesky head off, you little, mean, low-lived, contemptible whelp, you."

"My dear sir," said the mild spoken, gentlemanly surgeon, laying his hand on my arm; "calm yourself, I pray. Don't let your angry passions rise, but take off your clothes, so I can see what you are made of."

So I suppressed my anger, and withdrawing to a corner, I hung my clothes upon the floor, and presented myself for examination, clad only with the covering nature had given me, except about a square inch of court-plaster on my right shin, where I had fallen over a chair, the night before, feeling for a match.

"Young man," said the surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, "you have got the myopia."

"Yes, sir," said I, "and a good one, too—a little Bininger, with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye-opener, of a morning."

"And there seems to be an amaurotic tendency of the right eye, accompanied with opthalmia."

"Show!" says I.

"And that white spot in the left eye betokens a cataract."

"I guess you mean in the air," says I, "cause I went in swimming this morning, and got an allfired big bubble in my left ear," and here I jumped up and down two or three times on my left foot, but to no purpose. As soon as I stopped he mounted a chair and commenced feeling the top of my head.

"Was your family ever troubled with epilepsy?" says he.

"Only the two boys," says I, "and when they catch them, my wife always goes at them with a fine tooth comb, the first thing."

Jumping off the chair he hit me a lick in the ribs that nearly knocked me over, and before I had time to remonstrate, his arms were round my neck and his head pressed against my bosom the same way that Sophia Ann does, when she wants me to buy her some new bonnets and things.

"Just what I thought," said he; "tuberculosis and hemoptysis, combined with a defect in the scapular membrane and incipient phthysis!"

"Heavens!" says I, "what's that?"

"And cardiac disease."

"No!" said I.

"And pendardites!"

"Thunder!" said I.

"Stop talking! Now answer after me, say!"

"One!" said I, for I felt that I ought to say something.

"Aetion! Two."

"Two," I yelled.

"Exotic of the right fobula! Three."

"Three!" I gasped.

"Coxalgia! Four."

"Murder!" said I—"Four."

"Confirmed disdemon of the right ventricle! Five."

"Oh, doctor! dear doctor, ain't you most through? I feel faint."

"Through? No, not half through. Why, my friend, Pandora's box was nothing to your chest. You have sphynxitus, and glorioxis, and conchellagia, and pendigo and—"

Here my knees trembled so I leaned against the table for support.

"And permanent laxation of the mitoxic lobe of the right phalanx."

My only answer was a deprecatory gesture.

"And scrofulous diathesis and consumptites."

I sank to the floor in utter despair.

"Eluriation!" he yelled, for he saw I was going fast—"and marrillastem and—"

When I woke to consciousness again, I found myself in a puddle of water, an empty bucket near by, and the surgeon astride of my chest, shouting something into my ear, of which however I could hear nothing.

I smiled feebly in acknowledgment of his attentions. At a sign from him, two attendants drew near, and having lifted him into a chair, for he was absolutely blank in the face with the violence of his exertions, they hoisted me to a perpendicular, and the examination proceeded.

But I will not harrass your feelings by repeating the heart-rending details. Suffice it to say that I was afflicted with gastritis, emphysematian, mariditis, empyema, obesity, condyle of the humerous, bilicose veins, hernia in both great toes, and her morhoids in the left heel, besides lots of other diseases whose names I cannot remember. Finally, after a rigid examination of my toe nails in search of eruptive lesions, he arose to his feet, drew a long breath, wiped the perspiration from his face, with a stray newspaper, and commenced.

"Young man," said he, and his eyes glistened with delight as he spoke, "you are really the most interesting subject I have ever met with. Really a most wonderful case! I don't know when I have enjoyed a half hour so thoroughly. Why, sir, with the exception of two, or at most three, you have symptoms of every disease in the medical dictionary. Please let me embrace you again, just to see if I can't detect exicosis of the viscous membrane. Well, no," he continued, with a slightly disappointed air, as he released me, "I don't seem to find it, exactly, but would you mind coming round to my boarding-house, after tea, so that I can spend the evening comforting after it?"

He was so anxious to find that particular symptom, that I was very sorry to refuse him; but I had promised Sophia Ann that I would be home to tea, and I knew she would worry if I stayed; so I was obliged to decline. Seeing there was a lady in the case, he very politely excused me, very much to my relief. "Well, good-bye, my friend," said he, as I took my hat to go; "I wish it was so you could go to the war; I would have you in my hospital in less than a month, and then I could examine you at my leisure. I am positive a little exposure would bring on those two symptoms I spoke of, and then what a magnificent subject you would be! How I should like to dissect you! But, then, perhaps you don't like it, and if you don't, I don't know as I can blame you much for wishing to preserve your wonderful organization as long as possible; so you just go into the next room, and Captain Herrick will give you a furlough to go home and provide a substitute or pay your commutation fee. Boy, call the next on the list.'

"But, sir," said I, aghast at his concluding remarks, "you don't pretend to accept me as able-bodied?"

"Really, my friend," said he, "the fact is, you have so many diseases that I actually don't know which to specify. It won't do to say cranial disease, when it's your heart that is affected, and if I mention your heart what's the use of your having consumption? But I know Dr. Coggswell will be pleased to receive your commutation fee, or if you will bring up a likely substitute, I shall be delighted to examine him; and some day, when we are both at liberty, I shall be most happy to have you call upon me. Hold!—just unbutton your coat for one moment. I must find that exicis—"

But here I broke from his grasp, and stopping in the next room only long enough to procure my furlough, I started for the railway station, and never looked behind until I was safe in the arms of Sophia Ann and the children.

And now, can anybody inform me where I can find a good able-bodied substitute, warranted diseased in the head, heart, lungs, legs, or all them? To such a man I will give three hundred dollars down, or, if he prefer, at the rate of five dollars apiece for each symptom, and promise him, in behalf of our Uncle Samuel, food and clothing for three years, together with medical attendance in proportion to the number and malignity of his diseases.—*Haverhill Gazette.*

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 2.

A writer in the Fashion Magazine, dated at Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, Va., Sept. 15, writes to that paper a description of a remarkable atmospheric phenomenon witnessed in that district. It was seen by hundreds of persons from the town, and some of the facts have been described in several respectable papers, the editors of which vouch for the reliability of their informant. The writer says:—

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed, a few miles west of this place, at the house of Mrs. Feamy, on the first day of this month, at about 5 o'clock P. M., by Moses Dwyer, her neighbor, who happened to be seated in her porch at the time, as he by others at or near the house.

The weather was quite hot and dry, not a cloud could be seen, no wind even ruffled the foliage on the surrounding trees. All the while being propitious, the grand panorama began to move. Just over and through the tops of the trees on the adjacent hills on the west immense numbers of rolls resembling smoke, apparently of the size and shape of doors, seemed to be passing rapidly through the air, yet in beautiful order, regularity. The rolls seemed to be tinged on the edges with light green, so as to resemble a border or deep fringe. There were apparently thousands of them, and were perhaps, an hour in getting by. After they had passed over and out of sight the scene was changed from the air above to the earth beneath, and became more intensely interesting to the spectators who were witnessing the panorama from different stand-points. In the deep valley beneath, thousands upon thousands of (apparently) human beings (men) came in view, travelling in the same direction as the rolls, marching in regular order, some thirty or forty in depth, moving rapidly, "double quick," and commenced ascending the sides of the almost inaccessible mountain opposite, and had the appearance peculiar to men when they ascend a steep mountain. There seemed to be great variety in the size of men, some were very large, whilst others were quite small. Their heads could be seen

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In 1685, a miller at Abbeville, passing by the gallows where a robber had been suspended on the previous day, perceived some signs of life in him. Being moved with compassion, he managed, with the assistance of his servant, to take him down, and convey him home in his cart. Then he tended him carefully until the felon was quite restored to health, with the intention of dismissing him with a sum of money, in order that the poor wretch might be enabled to recommence life in an honest manner. Unfortunately, however, this good Samaritan delayed the execution of this design too long; and on a certain Sunday—of all days in the week—this ungrateful scoundrel left the hospitable mill with as much of the money and valuables of the owner as he could lay his hands on. Now, it so happened that the curate of Abbeville had preached an unusually short discourse, and the miller and his men came home from church in time to overtake the robber. This they did; and without wasting any more valuable time in reforming him, they took him to the gallows upon which they had found him, with many apologies for having disturbed him there, in the first instance, and there they hanged him, with particular care; "pulling his wicked legs," adds the chronicler, "to make sure that he should thieve no more." Nevertheless, the doors of this most righteous deed had to flee the country, until a pardon was obtained for them from the most Christian king.

This seems to confirm the poet's theory, that in most cases dead people should remain so; keeping in mind the excellence of the saying, "Let bygones be bygones;" nevertheless, here is a case to the contrary. In the Church of the Apostles at Cologne, there is a large picture descriptive of the restoration to life of Reichmuth Adolch, the wife of a Counsellor of that city, under circumstances which have been borrowed for materials to construct many fictitious stories of a similar kind. This lady was supposed to have died of the plague, which devastated Cologne in 1571; but being buried with a valuable ring on her finger, the sexton of the church thought it a pity such good jewelry should be wasted, and opened her coffin on the very night of her interment. This conduct she resented by sitting up and collaring him on the instant, whereupon he fled with excusable precipitation, under the idea that he had irritated an inhabitant of the other world. Mrs. Adolch, however, was far from dead; and leaving the vault, at once proceeded, in her grave-clothes, to her own house. She was not, however, "out of the wood" yet, except in the literal sense. The maid-servant, who was roused by her ringing, declined to let her in, although she narrated the circumstances of her reappearance, through the keyhole, in order to still her fears. The girl was either really too terrified, or preferred a situation without a female head to it, for she did not open the door, but ran to her master's room, who informed her for her pains, that she was a mad woman; and all this time the poor lady was shivering in her shroud, and almost wishing herself back again under cover. At length she was admitted, and by means of proper treatment, so entirely recovered that "she afterwards had three sons who were clergymen."

A still more wonderful death-in-life experience is that of Francois de Civille, who, to use his own words, was "thrice dead, thrice interred, and thrice, by the Grace of God, restored to life." The mother of this gentleman, having died during pregnancy, was buried in her husband's absence without any attempt being made to save her offspring; but upon the return of the good man immediately afterwards, he caused her to be disinterred, when, by means of the Cæsarean operation, a living child rewarded his pious care. The child was five-and-twenty years old and a captain in Rouen when that city was taken by Charles IX. Being dreadfully wounded, and having fallen from the rampart into the ditch, some pioneers threw him, with another dead body, into a hole, and covered him with a little earth. Here he lay for seven hours, until his faithful servant came at dusk and dug him up, when, finding some signs of life, he was removed to his own home, where he lay for five days and nights insensible and speechless. The city being taken by assault, the besiegers, who required his apartment for their own use, threw him out of the window upon a dunghill; and from this couch, which seems to have possessed none of those disadvantageous qualities which modern science ascribes to it, he was rescued after a few days by a relative, who removed him to a place of safety, where he obtained a perfect cure. Extraordinary as this story appears, it seems to have at least considerable foundation; nor was Francois de Civille a Gascon, as may be supposed, but a gentleman of Normandy.

An undoubtedly true experience of resuscitation is that of Margaret Dixon, of Musselburgh, who was hanged at Edinburgh for child-murder in 1726. There seems to be great doubt as to her being guilty of the offence of which she was charged, and therefore her narrow escape is as satisfactory as strange. At the place of execution, while owning to many sins, she avowed her total innocence of the crime in question, and her husband—who had much to forgive—implicitly believed that statement. After the body had been suspended the usual time, it was delivered to her friends, who put it in a coffin, and sent it in a cart to be interred in her native place. The persons in charge stopped to drink at a public house on the way, and while they were refreshing themselves Mrs. Dixon gave indications to the bystanders that she should like to take a little something, or, at all events, to get out also. Most of them ran away in terror, but one had the presence of mind to bleed her, and got her put to bed; and by the following morning she was well enough to walk to her destination. By the Scottish law, it seems, that a person upon whom judgment has once been executed, cannot suffer a second time, while the marriage of the party supposed to have been executed is held to be dissolved. All that the King's Advocate could do, therefore, was to file a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the unfortunate Sheriff for omitting to fulfill the law, which was accordingly done. The husband of the revived lady married her publicly within a few days of her resuscitation, and she was living so late as the year 1753.

In the second series of Captain Gronow's *Recollections*, just published, there is a curious narrative of escape from premature interment.

In the retreat of the French army, he tells us that General Ornano, a Corsican, second husband of the beautiful Comtesse Walewska, and a distant relation of the Bonaparte family, received a severe wound from the bursting of a shell, which killed his horse and several soldiers who were near him. The general's aid-de-camp, on looking round, observed Ornano lying on his back, to all appearance dead, with the blood flowing from his mouth. A surgeon soon arrived, and declared that life was extinct. The aid-de-camp and a few soldiers commenced digging a grave; but the ground was so hard, owing to the terrible cold that prevailed, that they could not make it deep enough to cover the body, and being pressed for time, they arranged the supposed corpse in decent order, and covered it with snow instead of earth. After this was done, the aid-de-camp reported to the Emperor Napoleon, who was not far off, the loss that the army had sustained in General Ornano, who was only twenty-six years of age, and the youngest officer of his rank in the army. The Emperor, who was very fond of the general, was deeply grieved, and exclaimed:

"Poor fellow! He was one of my best cavalry officers!" and turning to one of his orderlies, desired him to go immediately and find out all about the wound which had caused his death. The officer, in order to satisfy himself upon this point, had the dead man taken out of the snow, and on looking at the wound, observed that the body was still warm. Furs and flannels were accordingly heaped upon the corpse, which was placed upon a shutter, and taken to headquarters. After much care and perseverance, he was restored to life, to the joy of the Emperor and the whole army.

"General Ornano," concludes Captain Gronow, "is now (1863) a Marshal of France and Governor of the Invalides, and related the above anecdote to one of my friends last summer."

The most striking of all known cases of premature interment, however, is that related in the *Causes Célèbres*, and which has formed the text of many a tale, and the trellis-work of many a moving ballad. Shelley, for instance, has embalmed it in his *Ginevra*, and Leigh Hunt in his beautiful *Legend of Florence*.

Two tradesmen of the Rue St. Honore, in Paris, being old friends, and possessing one a son, and the other a daughter, had early determined, as their betters have often done, upon the marriage of these two young people. They looked forward to them uniting their two "establishments" with the same pride that two country gentlemen sometimes feel in joining their adjacent estates by the union of the young squire with the heiress, while they were more fortunate than fathers in a similar position sometimes find themselves, since that which they had set their minds upon their offspring were equally anxious to accomplish also. Not very long, however, before the time actually fixed for the celebration of these nuptials, a rich banker took a fancy to the young lady, and having won golden opinions from her parents, obtained her hand, all previous promises and contracts notwithstanding. They discovered that uniting the two establishments was not of such paramount importance after all, and that the carriage exercise was essential to the health of their beloved daughter. The dutiful girl obeyed their wishes without much opposition; but so far from improving her constitution, she fell into a state of morbid melancholy, which resulted in lethargy and apparent death; whereupon the banker buried her in a manner that left nothing to be desired. Now, like a virtuous young woman as she was, she had forbidden her former lover ever to present himself before her again, and to this prohibition he had bowed; but since she was interred, and given up by her husband, he thought it no harm to bribe the sexton of the vault in which she lay to let him have one farewell look at her loved face before its beauty withered into dust; and this the more—it must be confessed—since once already she had fallen into a prolonged trance, which gave him a scintillation of hope that she might not be actually deceased even yet.

Having carried the body to his own house, and using every means of restoration he could think of, he really did succeed in bringing her back to life. The astonishment of the lady upon resuscitation was of course extreme, but we do not hear so much about her sorrow; and yielding to the many plausible arguments he urged in favor of his suit, she consented to accompany him to England, where they married, and lived together in much content. After several years, desiring to revisit his native land, and feeling convinced that nobody would suspect his wife's identity, the husband returned to Paris, and within a very few days, the happy pair came suddenly upon the bereaved banker, in the public street. If the young woman had been alone, she might perhaps have pretended to be a spirit, or hit upon some other ingenious expedient to hoodwink the widower, but seeing her arm-in-arm with her former lover, the coincidence was a little too striking to be explained away. The banker, who does not seem to have set any extraordinary value upon her while she was his own, was transported with the desire of repossessing her, and laid his claim at once before a legal tribunal. The cause was argued at length upon both sides. The advocate for the lover argued, that but for him the lady would have now had no existence, would have been dead, and neither the wife of the banker nor of anybody else; that her first husband had divested himself of all his rights in interring her; and even that he might think himself lucky in not being indicted for homicide for consigning her to a living tomb. But although the spirit of the law might be with husband No. 2, the letter was against him; and seeing that the court was inclined to favor his adversary's suit, he prudently anticipated its decision by returning once more to England, where the lady and himself remained until the banker died.

How the law of Great Britain would decide so extraordinary a matter, I cannot tell; but with respect to incomplete executions—however it may have been in Scotland at the period of Mrs. Dixon's case—the idea that a resuscitated malefactor is no longer answerable for his crime seems to be the merest assumption; the sentence runs, that he is to be hanged by the neck until he be *dead;* and if he be *not* dead, it is clear that the sentence has not been carried out, and that the offender is still subject to the forfeit. The crown, of course, would be able to remit the penalty, but only by a free pardon, as it might have done before the first execution; and, indeed, there is a case in point.

In 1350, a criminal, named Walter Wynkbourne, was hanged at Leicester, and having been taken down after the lapse of the usual period, was found to be yet alive. Some were for recommencing the execution, but the more humane took him to sanctuary, in the church of St. Sepulchre in that town, until the will of the king should be known. Edward III., the then monarch, happened to be with the religious in Leicester Monastery at the very time, and an application was at once made to his clemency. The king thereupon forgave the criminal in Latin, which, I hope, was translated to him without delay—*Deus tibi dedit vitam, et nos tibi dabimus castam* (God hath given thee life, and we will give thee pardon).

☞ Notwithstanding we are engaged in civil war our country continues to hold out extraordinary inducements to emigrants. The Canadian papers are mourning over the emigration of mechanics and laboring men from that country to this. Hundreds leave daily with their families, and the Queen's dominions are becoming depopulated. New towns are no longer seen to spring up, and the forests are encroaching upon the settlements.

THE BOY PATRIOT.

In the year 1776, Philadelphia was in the hands of Howe and his inhuman soldiery, while the field of Brandywine gave the American people an evidence of British humanity. The inhabitants of Pennsylvania and Delaware were at the mercy of their foes. Bands of Hessian dragoons scoured the vicinity of Philadelphia for miles around, and committed acts which would disgrace a Vandal.

On the evening of a delightful autumn day, a group of boys, ranging in age from twelve to seventeen years, were gathered together on the steps of a tenantless storehouse in the little village of Newark, Delaware. The town seemed lonely, and, with the exception of the youthful band referred to, not a human being met the eye. All the men capable of bearing arms, had left their homes to join the army of Washington on the Schuylkill. A youth of sixteen, mounted on a barrel, was giving an account of the disastrous battle of Brandywine. James Wilson, the orator, was a bold boy, enthusiastic in his love for the American cause, and possessed of no little intelligence. His bright blue eyes and flaxen hair gave him an effeminate appearance, but beneath that plain, homespun jacket, throbbed a heart that never shrank before any obstacle. His father was commander of the Delaware troops, and his mother was dead. The boy concluded his narrative, and was deeply lamenting that he could not join the army.

"I am not old enough," said he, "but had I a musket, I would not stand idle here, with my hands useless by my side."

"Are there no guns of any description in the village?" asked a listening youth.

"None. I have spent nearly a week trying to find one, but my efforts have been of no avail. I strongly suspect that the Tory Livingston has several in his house, but as he permits no one to trespass on his land, I am unable to say positively."

"Why not take a party, and search his dwelling?" asked Frank Howard; "he has no one to assist him except his cowardly son George, and I can thrash him as easy as that," and the boy snapped his fingers to imply the readiness with which he could trounce old Livingston's son.

James Wilson's eyes sparkled with joy.

"If there are any three boys in this company who will help me, I will search old Livingston's this night. All who are willing to go, just step forward three paces."

Every boy in the crowd stepped forward without a moment's hesitation. James's eyes flashed like stars.

"Now, by the dead of Bunker Hill, I will search old Livingston's residence, though death stands in my path."

With a firm tread, and with the utmost silence, the young heroes took up their march for old Livingston's. Livingston had long been suspected of harboring British spies, and some of his former laborers had reported that he kept up a regular correspondence with the British commander. At all events, he was generally regarded by the Whigs as a dangerous man. His house was situated a short distance from White Clay Creek, on the side of a steep hill, surrounded on all sides by tall trees. It was just such a place as one might suppose suitable for the plotting of treason.

At the time James Wilson and his little band left the deserted storehouse in the village of Newark, dusk had given place to the darker shades of night. Still, it was not dark; the new moon was shining brightly through the clouds, and every object was perfectly distinguishable. The boys walked firmly forward, maintaining solemn silence. At length they gained the bend of the creek, and slowly following the winding path, soon came to a little low bridge which crossed a shallow rivulet leading into White Clay, and James ordered them to halt.

"Let Frank Howard and myself reconnoitre the premises first, to see whether any danger may be apprehended. All the rest stand here till we return. Make no noise, and keep a constant watch."

James and Frank silently departed, and were soon lost in the thick woods through which the path run. Scarce had they gone from their companions, ere the quick ear of Wilson detected a noise. "Hist!" said he to Frank, as he pulled up behind a gigantic beech tree. Presently George Livingston came in sight. James Wilson darted from his covert, and tightly grasped the boy by the neck. The cowardly youth trembled like a reed.

"Speak one word," whispered his captor, "and I'll toss you into the creek."

The Tory's son, struck dumb with fright, found himself in the midst of the whole group of boy heroes, with the vice-like grasp of James and Frank on either arm.

"Now," said James, "answer me promptly and truly, or I'll make your position uncomfortable. Do you hear? Who are in your father's house at this moment?"

"I—I—can not tell," stammered the half dead boy.

"You shall tell, or—"

"Spare me, and I'll tell everything. When I left the house there was no one there but our family and Major Bradstone."

"Who is he?" asked James.

"I don't know—I don't indeed."

"Tell!" threatened Frank.

"He is the Captain of the Yorkshire dragoons."

The blue eyes of James glistened with joy, and he soon gained from the Tory's son a revelation which stamped his father a traitor of the most appalling character. He discovered that old Livingston not only kept up a correspondence with the British commander, but that he had so plotted in his traitorous design that the little village of Newark was to be burned to ashes, and its women and children left exposed to the pitiless fire. The old Tory was to receive as his compensation the land whereon the village stood, and an annual pension from the British government.

But, stranger than all, the plot was to be consummated on the very night the Tory's son had been captured, while he was going on an errand to a neighbor about two miles distant. The little band of heroes learned, too, that the British troops had encamped their horses in Livingston's stable, and intended to descend the creek in a large boat. There were twenty of them, besides their captain.

Major Bradstone, the leader of the band, was in temper and heart a thorough demon, and corrupted not in his cruelty to destroy the slumbering infant, or the sick wife. Not a few in that youthful band trembled for a widowed mother, or a defenceless sister. Some were for departing immediately, but James Wilson, still retaining his grasp on the Tory's son, ordered all to be silent. The prisoner was bound hand and foot, a thick handkerchief bound over his mouth, to prevent him from calling for assistance, and a stout cord fastened to his breast and wound about a tree. All hope of escape forsook George Livingston. Wilson motioned his little band to follow him, and in a few moments they stood on the summit of a high precipice which overhung White Clay Creek.

"Now, boys," said Wilson, "the narrative which we have just heard is true, and as we have no muskets or ammunition, we must make the best of the occasion. The British band will pass this spot in their boat, and as we have an hour to work, let us busy ourselves in rolling some of these large rocks to the edge of the precipice, and when the redcoats pass below, let us sink them to the bottom."

Each boy immediately set to work, and in an incredible short space of time, nine huge rocks, each half a ton in weigh, were balanced upon the edge of the giant precipice. The creek at this point was not more than twenty feet wide, and was directly overhung by the mass of rock on which our heroes stood. If the British descended the creek, they would certainly pass this spot; and if they passed it, then death was their certain fate. In about an hour the quick ear of Wilson detected the measured beat of muffled oars.

"They are coming," he whispered, "let no one drop his rock till I give the word, and then all at once."

Peeping cautiously over the cliffs, James Wilson saw the tory boat slowly, but surely approaching. An officer stood on the bows, guiding the oarsmen by his orders, and the epaulets on his shoulders told that he was the identical fiend, Major Bradstone.

"Don't drop till I give the order," again whispered Wilson.

When the boat was about twelve feet from the rock, the boy leader fell securely behind his stout defence, and shouted:

"Who goes there?"

In a moment the oarsmen ceased rowing, and gazed with astonishment about them. The impetus which the boat had acquired, caused it to drift slowly beneath the rock, and just as it was fairly below, came forth the loud doomed words,

"Cut loose in the name of Liberty!"

Each boy pushed his rock at that instant, and as if with one impulse the gigantic stones fell. A loud shriek from the dark waters told how well the plan had succeeded, and as the exultant boys again looked over the rocks, nothing was seen but a few pieces of wood. The boat was burst in pieces, and the occupants found a grave at the bottom of White Clay. A cry of victory burst from the joyous lips of the youthful patriots, and it was echoed along in solemn grandeur.

"Now for our prisoner!" cried Frank Howard, bounding ahead; but what was the astonishment of the boys to find that in his efforts to get free, George Livingston had been caught by the fatal cord, and choked to death! There was no time for repining; the traitor and his son had met their deserved doom, and there was no one to mourn their loss.

"Such be the end of America's foes forever!" said James Wilson.

Old Livingston's house was searched, and to the surprise of every one, not merely guns, but three brass field-pieces, several barrels of powder, and an abundance of balls, were concealed in the Tory's cellar. The military stores found here were given over to the American troops, and found a joyous welcome at their headquarters. Had not the British party been so signally defeated along the banks of the White Clay, the town of Newark, and the whole northern part of the State of Delaware would have been overrun by predatory bands of British soldiers.

James Wilson and Frank Howard both joined the army of Green, and served with distinction in the southern campaign. Frank fell in the memorable battle of Eutaw Springs, bewailed by all who knew him. James lost a leg at the siege of Yorktown, and retired to his native village, but mortification ensued, and he expired with the

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"Out loose in the name of Liberty!"

The village of Newark still exists, and has become a town of considerable importance. The boys' patriotism is still preserved upon the records of Newark.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Frenchman was silent for some time after having made what he considered a most complimentary speech. He looked perplexed, Eleanor said, a shadow gathered on it, and a cunning twinkle in his small eyes.

"Is that what we are to be friends and allies, madame?" he said, presently.

"Friends!" cried Eleanor. "Do you forget who I am? who I am? If Lemercier Bourdon were the only name written in my father's last letter, you would not be less an acquaintance than the villain that led to his death. The paper was no doubt worthy of the master."

"You reject my friendship, then, madame?"

"You wish to know nothing of the document, that is in my hands? You treat me from high to low? You refuse to ally yourself with me? Hein?"

"I will use you as an instrument against Lemercier Darrell, if you please," Eleanor answered, "since it seems that you have quarrelled with your first friend."

"But, you, madame. When poor Jay pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, she is remembered the most grateful of animals, and they chase her. Do you understand, madame?" cried the Frenchman, with a sudden transformation from the monkey to the tiger phase of his character, that was scarcely agreeable. "Do you understand?" he hissed. "Monsieur Launcelot has consulted himself of me. I am chased! Mi!"

He struck his gloved fingers upon his breast to give emphasis to this last word.

"It is of the last *conséils*, this young man," he continued, with a shrug of disgust. "Ingrate, poltroon, scoundrel! When the forge will, forge at my suggestion by the clerk of the avoue de Vindsor, has been read, and all is finish, and no one disputes his possession, and he enter his new domain as master, the real nature of the man reveal itself. The *genuine* will is burn, he think. He is so close with his dear friend, this poor Bourdon, that he will not even tell him who would have benefit by that genuine will. It is burn! Did he not see it scorch and blaze with his own eyes? There is nothing to fear; and for this poor comrade who has helped my gentleman to a great fortune, he is less than that!"

Monsieur Bourdon snapped his fingers derisively, and stared fiercely at Eleanor. Then he relapsed into a sardonic smile, and went on.

"At first things go on charmingly. Monsieur Launcelot is more sweet than the honey. It is new to him to be rich, and for the first month he scatters his money with full hands. Then suddenly he stops. He cries out that he is on the road to ruin; that his friend's claims are monstrous. Faith of a gentleman, I was, perhaps, extravagant; for I am a little gamester, and I like to see life *en grand seigneur*. *A bas le moutards*, I said. My friend is *millionaire*. I am no more commercial traveller. Imagine, then, when mon garcon shuts up his—what is it you call it, then—cheque-book, and refuse me a paltry sum of a thousand francs. I smile in his face," said Monsieur Bourdon, nodding his head slowly, with half-closed eyes, "and I say, 'Bon jour, Monsieur Darrell; you shall hear more of me before I am much older.'"

"You did not tell him that the will was in your possession?"

"A thousand thunders! No!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "I was not so much foolish as to show him the beneath the cards. I come over here to consult a friend, an avoue."

"And he tells you—?"

"No matter. You are better than the avoue, madame. You hate Launcelot Darrell; this will is all you want to prove him a cheat and a blacksmith,—pardon, a forger."

"But to whom does M. de Crespigny leave his estate in his genuine will?" asked Mrs. Monckton.

The Frenchman smiled, and looked at Eleanor thoughtfully for a moment before he answered her.

"Wait a little, madame," he said; "that is my little secret. Nothing for nothing is the rule here below. I have told you too much already. If you want to know more you must pay me."

"Prove that I spoke the truth upon that night," exclaimed Eleanor, "and I promise you that my husband, Gilbert Monckton, shall reward you handsomely."

"But if monsieur should repudiate your promise, madame, since he has not authorised you to give it? I am not very wise in your English law, and I would rather not mix myself in this affair. I do not want to be produced as witness or accomplice. I want, all simply, to get a price for this document. I have something to sell. You wish to buy it. Name your price."

"I cannot," answered Eleanor; "I have

no money. But I might get some, perhaps. Tell me, how much do you want?"

"A thousand pounds."

Bourdon shook her head despondently.

"Impossible!" she said; "there is no one, except my husband, from whom I could get such an amount, and I could not ask him for money until I had proved Launcelot Darrell's infidelity."

The Frenchman watched her closely. He saw that she had spoken the truth.

"You do not know how much this will be worth to you, madame," he said. "Remember, I could make terms with Launcelot Darrell, and tell it to him for perhaps ten times the sum I ask of you. But Monsieur Darrell was insolent to me; he struck me once with the butt-end of his hunting-whip; I do not forget. I could get more money from him; but I can get my revenge through you."

He hissed out these words between his teeth, and glared vindictively at the fountain, as if the phantom of Launcelot Darrell had been looking at him out of the sparkling water-drops. Revenge was not a beautiful thing, as represented by Victor Bourdon. Perhaps Eleanor may have thought of this as she looked at him.

"I want my revenge," he repeated; "after all, gold is a villain thing. Revenge is more dear—so gentlemen. Besides, I do not think you would pay me ungenerously if I helped you to crush this scoundrel, and helped you to something else, by the market, Hein?"

"I tell you again that you shall be well rewarded," Mrs. Monckton said gravely.

"Very well, then, listen to me. It is to-day, Tuesday. In a week I shall have time to think. In a week you will have leisure to gather together a little money—all you can get; at the end of that time come to me at my apartment—bring with you any friend you like. I do not think that you are traitor—or ingrate—and you see I trust you. I will have my friend, the—what you call him—attorney, with me—and we may come to an arrangement. You shall sign a contract—well ruled—for to pay me in the future, and then the will is to you. You return to England; you say, Aha, Monsieur Launcelot, walk out of that. It is your turn to be chased."

Victor Bourdon grinned ferociously, then took a memorandum-book from his pocket, wrote a few words in pencil, tore out the leaf upon which they were written, and handed it to Mrs. Monckton.

"That is my address," he said. "On Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I shall expect to see you there, and your friend. But if you think to betray me, I am not the man to forget. I have the honor to salute you, madame. *Bon jour.*"

He took off his hat with a flourish, and walked away. Eleanor sat for some minutes where he had left her, thinking over what had happened, before she went off to look for Mrs. Leonard.

That night she told the Leonards who she was, and all her story. She felt that it was better to do so. She must have freedom now to act, and to act promptly. She could not do this and yet preserve her secret. Her old ally, Richard Thornton, would be indispensable to her in this crisis, and she wrote to him early in the morning after her interview with Monsieur Bourdon, imploring him to come to her immediately.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

No letter came from Richard Thornton. Eleanor was seized with a kind of panic as the days went by, and there was no answer from the young man, the faithful friend, without whose help she felt herself so powerless.

Eleanor had addressed her letter to the Pilasters, enclosed in an envelope directed to Signora Picirillo, with a few hurried lines requesting that it might be immediately forwarded to the scene-painter. He was in Scotland still, very likely, and some days must elapse before he could respond to Eleanor's summons. She felt assured that he would come to her. There are some friends whose goodness we no more doubt than we doubt the power of God; and Richard Thornton was one of these.

But the week passed, and no reply came to Eleanor's appeal for help, so she began to feel that she stood alone, and must act for herself. She must act for herself, since to think of getting any assistance from either the major or his wife in this business, which demanded foresight, coolness, and diplomacy, would have been about as reasonable as to apply to one of the children playing under the trees in the gardens of the Tuileries.

As far as sympathy went, Major and Mrs. Leonard were all that the most exacting individual could require. The major offered to do anything in a muscular way on behalf of his wife's friend. Should he punch the head of that scoundrelly Frenchman?—Should he go over to England and horse-whip Launcelot Darrell, and bring Gilbert Monckton to reason, and play up old gooseberry altogether? This good-natured Hercules was ready to lift out right and left in the defence of poor Eleanor.

But the one friend whom Mrs. Monckton wanted in this crisis was Richard Thornton—Richard, the clear-sighted, even-tempered, unprejudiced young man, who was ready to go through fire and water for the sake of his beautiful adopted sister, without noise or bluster; and when the Tuesday, the day appointed by the Frenchman for Eleanor's visit to his apartments, came, and Richard Thornton did not come with it, the lonely girl almost gave way to despair.

She felt that she had to encounter a wretch who was utterly without honor or honesty, and who, seeing the value which she set upon the possession of Maurice de Crespigny's will, would be all the more exacting in his demands. And she had nothing to bribe him with; nothing.

She had been too proud to appeal to her husband; for ever impulsive, for ever inconsiderate, she had not stopped to think that he of all others was the most fitting person to stand by her in this crisis. At first the thought of writing to Gilbert Monckton had indeed flashed across her mind, but in the next moment she had remembered the bitter humiliation of her last failure.

She could not endure another such degradation; and she had seen treachery and dishonor so long triumph over the simple force of truth, that she had begun to think that wrong was stronger than right, and always must be victorious.

"If I were to write and ask Gilbert to come to me, this Frenchman would perhaps disappear before my husband could arrive; or he would be afraid of Gilbert, very likely, and would deny any knowledge of the will; and I should appear a convicted trickster, who had heaped up one falsehood upon another, in the weak attempt to justify herself. No. Gilbert Monckton shall hear nothing of me until I can go to him with Maurice de Crespigny's will in my hands."

But in the meantime this helpless girl's anxiety grew every hour more intense. What reliance could she place upon the words of the Frenchman? She had encountered him while he was still smarting under the sense of his wrongs, and in that stage of his feelings, revenge had seemed even sweeter to him than gain. But this state of things might not endure very long. The commercial traveller might listen to the dictates of reason rather than to the fiery promptings of passion, and might begin to think that a substantial recompense in the shape of money was better than any sugar-plum in the way of revenge. He had said that Launcelot Darrell would be willing to give him ten times a thousand pounds for the genuine will. What more likely than Monsieur Victor Bourdon should have thought better of his original design, and opened negotiations with the new master of Woodlands!

Monsieur Bourdon would in all probability have done precisely this, had he not been hindered by one of those unlooked-for and purely providential circumstances which so often help single and simple-minded truth in her encounters with versatile and shifty falsehood.

At half-past six o'clock upon the appointed evening, Eleanor Monckton left the Hotel du Palais, escorted by Major Leonard, on her way to the Frenchman's lodging. She had waited until the last moment in the hope of Richard Thornton's arrival, but he had not come; and she had been fain to accept the aid of this good-natured overgrown schoolboy, who still persisted that the immediate punching of Victor Bourdon's head would be the best and surest means of getting possession of the will.

"Let me punch the feller's head, Miss Vil—beg pardon, Mrs. Monckton. The idea of your being married to old Monckton! He ain't any older than me, you know, but I always call him old Monckton. Let me punch this dam Frenchman's head; that'll bring the feller to book in next to no time, and then we can do what we like with him."

But Eleanor impressed upon her stalwart protector that there must be no muscular demonstration, and that the conduct of the interview was to be left entirely to her.

"I don't in the least hope that he'll give up the will without a bribe," Eleanor said; "he is the last man upon earth to do that."

"I'll tell you what, then, Mrs. Monckton," exclaimed the major, "I haven't any ready money. I never have had, since I borrowed sixpences of a sucking bill-discounter at the first school I ever went to; but I'll give you my acceptance. Let this fellow draw upon me for a thousand at three months, and give up the document for that consideration. Monckton will enable me to meet the bill, no doubt, when he finds I was of service to you in this business."

Eleanor looked at the major with a gleam of hope in her face. But that transient gleam very quickly faded. She had only a vague idea of the nature and properties of accommodation bills; but she had a very positive notion of Victor Bourdon's character, and, though this plan *sounded* feasible enough, she did not think it would succeed.

"You are very good to me, Major Leonard," she said, "and believe me I appreciate your kindness; but I do not think that this Frenchman will consent to take anything but ready money. He could get that from Launcelot Darrell, remember, at any time."

Eleanor's only hope was the one chance that she might induce Victor Bourdon to accept her promise of a reward from Gilbert Monckton *after* the production of the will.

The neighborhood in which the commercial traveller lived, whenever he made Paris his headquarters, was one of the dingiest localities in the city. Major Leonard and Eleanor, after making numerous inquiries, and twice losing their way, found themselves at last in a long narrow street, one side of which was chiefly dead-wall, broken here and there by a dilapidated gateway or a dingy window. At one corner there was a shop for the sale of unredeemed pledges; a queer old shop, in whose one murky window obsolete scraps of jewelry,—odd watch-keys, impossible watches with cracked enamel dials and crippled hands that pointed to hours whose last moments had passed away for half a century; mysterious, incomprehensible garments, whose fashion was forgotten, and whose first owners were dead and gone; poor broken-down clocks, in tawdry ormolu cases, that had stood upon lodging-house mantelpieces, indifferently telling the wrong time to generations of lodgers; an old guitar; a stringless violin; poor, frail, cracked cups and saucers, that had been precious once, by reason of the lips that had drunk out of them; a child's embroidered frock; a battered christening-cup; a tattered missal; an odd volume of "The Wandering Jew;" amid a hundred other pitiful relics which poverty barters for a crust of bread,—faded in the evening sunlight, and waited for some eccentric purchaser to take a fancy to them. Next door to this sarcophagus of the past there was an eating-house, neat and almost cheerful, where one could have a soup, three courses, and half a bottle of wine for fivepence. The whole neighborhood seemed to be, somehow or other, overshadowed by churches, and pervaded by the perpetual tramp of funerals; and, lying low and out of the way of all cheerful traffic, was apt to have a depressing effect upon the spirits of frivolous people.

Eleanor, leading the major—who was of about as much use to her as a blind man is to his dog—succeeded at last in finding the house which boasted Monsieur Victor Bourdon among its inhabitants. I say "among" advisedly; for as there was the office of a popular bi-weekly periodical upon the first floor, a greengrocer in the *rez-de-chaussée*, a hairdresser who professed to cut and frizz the hair, on the second story, and a mysterious lady, whose calling was represented by a faded pictorial board, resident somewhere under the roof, the commercial traveller was a very unimportant inhabitant, an insignificant nomad, replaced to-day by a student *en droit*, to-morrow by a second-rate actor at a fifth-rate theatre.

Eleanor found this when she came to make inquiries of the portress as to the possibility of seeing Monsieur Bourdon. This lady, who was knitting, and whose very matronly contour made it impossible for her to see her knitting-needles, told Eleanor that Monsieur Bourdon was very unlikely to be at home at that time. He was apt to return late at night, upon the two hours, in effect, between two wines, and at those times he was enough abrupt, and was evidently by no means a favorite with madame the portress. But on looking into a dusky corner, where some keys were hanging upon a row of rusty nails, madame informed Eleanor that Monsieur Bourdon *was* at home, as his key was not among the rest, and it was his habit to leave it in her care when he went out. The portress seemed very much struck by this discovery, for she remarked that the last time she had seen Monsieur Bourdon go out had been early in the morning of Sunday, and that she did not remember having seen him re-enter.

But upon this a brisk young person of twelve or thirteen, who was busy getting up fine linen in the recesses of the lodge, cried out in a very shrill voice that Monsieur Bourdon had returned before mid-day on Sunday, looking a little ill, and dragging himself with a fatigued air.

He was at home, then, the portress exclaimed; at least, she did not utter any equivalent to our English word home, and in that evinced considerable wisdom, since a French lodging is a place so utterly unhome-like, that the meanest second floor at Islington or Chelsea, presided over by the most unconscionable of British landladies, becomes better than all the pleasures and palaces we can roam amidst—and it is not everybody who has the chance of roaming amidst pleasures and palaces,—by force of comparison. Monsieur was *chez lui*, the portress said, and would madame ascend?—Monsieur's apartment was on the entresol, with the windows giving upon the street. Madame would see a black door facing her upon the first landing.

Eleanor went up a short flight of steps, followed by the major. She knocked upon the panel of the black door—once, twice, three times; but there was no answer.

"I'd lay a fiver the feller's gone out again," the major exclaimed; "that jabbering Frenchwoman didn't seem to know what she was talking about."

But Eleanor knocked a fourth time, and very much louder than she had knocked before. There was no answer even this time; but a voice was heard within, blaspheming aloud with horrible French execrations that seemed to freeze Eleanor's blood as she listened to them.

She did listen to them, involuntarily, as people often listen in a crowded thoroughfare to the obnoxious clamor of a drunken man, paralyzed for the moment by the horror of his hideous oaths.

Eleanor turned very pale, and looked despairingly at the major.

"Hark," she whispered, "he is quarrelling with some one."

The big soldier deliberately turned himself into a convenient position for listening, and flattened his ear against the keyhole.

"No, he ain't quarrellin' with any one," the major said, presently. "I can't make much out of his lingo, but there's only one voice. He's all alone, and goin' on like a madman."

The major opened the door softly as he spoke. Monsieur Bourdon's apartment was divided into two low-roofed chambers, a little larger than comfortable pigeon-holes; and in the inner and smaller chamber, Eleanor and her companion saw the commercial traveller wandering backwards and forwards in his obscure den, only dressed in his trowsers and shirt, and gesticulating like a madman.

Mrs. Monckton clung to the soldier's arm. She had some cause for fear, for in the next moment the Frenchman descried his visitors, and with a howl of rage, rushed at the major's throat.

The most intellectual and diplomatic individual in Christendom would have been of very little service to Eleanor at that moment, if he had been also a coward. Major Leonard lifted the commercial traveller in his arms, as easily as if that gentleman had been a six months-old baby, carried him into the next room where there was a narrow little bedstead, flung him on to the mattrass, and held him there.

"You'll find a silk handkerchief in my pocket, my dear," he said to Eleanor, "if you'll be so kind as to pull it out. *Voulez-vous garder-vous tronquel, dong vous*—Scoundrel!" he exclaimed, addressing himself to the struggling Frenchman.

Mrs. Monckton obeyed. She fell into her place quite naturally, giving way before the major. He was the hero of the moment. Frederic Soulle has said that the meanest actor who ever trod the boards of a theatre, has some inspired moment in which he is great. I fancy it must be pretty much the same in the drama of life. This was the major's moment; and he arose out of his normal inanity, resplendent with unconscious grandeur.

The silk handkerchief was a large one, and Major Leonard used it very dexterously about Monsieur Bourdon's wrists; then he found another handkerchief in another pocket, and used it as a bandage for the Frenchman's ankles; and having done this he sat down by the bedside and contemplated his handiwork complacently, puffing and blowing a little while he did so.

Victor Bourdon lay very still, glaring at the ponderous soldier with eyes that were like those of a wild beast.

"I know thee," he exclaimed; "thou hast been with me all the night, thou hast sat upon my chest; ah, Gredin! thou art the biggest of all the demons that torment me. Thou breathest the fire and the sulphur, and thy breath burns me, and now thou hast attached my hands with bands of iron, white hot, and thou hast tied my ankles with living scorpions!"

Eleanor stood at a few paces from the bed, listening with horror to the man's delirious ravings.

"What is it?" she asked, in a subdued voice. "Is it a fever that makes him like this? Or has he gone mad?"

The major shook his head.

"I think I can guess pretty well what's the matter with the poor devil;" he said; "he's been going it a little too fast. He's got a touch of del. trem."

"Del. trem.?"

"Delirium tremens, my dear," answered the major. "Yes, you can hear his teeth chattering now this minute. I had it once when I was up the country, and our fellers took to living upon brandy-pawnee. I had rather a sharp time of it, while it lasted; used to fancy the tent was on fire; wanted to go out tiger-hunting in the middle of the night; tried to set the bed-clothes alight to cure myself of the hiccough; and ran after Meg with a razor early one morning. This man has got a touch of it, Mrs. Monckton, and I don't think we shall get much reason out of him to night."

The conduct of Monsieur Victor Bourdon, who was at that moment holding a very animated discourse with a dozen or so of juvenile demons supposed to be located in the bed-curtains, went very far towards confirming the major's assertion.

Eleanor sat down at the little table, upon which the dirty litter of the Frenchman's last meal was huddled into a heap and intermixed with writing materials; an ink-bottle and a mustard-pot, a quill-pen and a tea-spoon, lying side by side. The girl's fortitude had given way before this new and most cruel disappointment. She covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Major Leonard was very much distressed at this unexpected collapse upon the part of his chief. He was very big, and rather stupid; but he had one of those tender childish natures which never learn to be hard and unmerciful. He was forever patting the shock-heads of dirty pauper children, for ever fumbling in his pockets for copper coin, always open to the influence of any story of womanly distress, and quite unable to withstand the dingiest female, if she could only produce the merest phantom of a tear to be wiped away furtively from one eye, while the other looked round the corner to see if the shot went home.

He looked piteously at Eleanor, as she sat sobbing passionately, half unconscious of her presence, forgetful of everything except that this last hope had failed her.

"I thought that he might leave Paris, and go back to Launcelot Darrell," she said, in a broken voice, "but I never thought of anything like this."

"Sh-sh sh-sh!" cried Monsieur Bourdon from the bed. "Fits! Cats, cats! Sh-sh-sh-sh! Chase those cats, somebody! There's the girl Faust saw upon the Bracken with the little rat running out of her mouth! There, sitting at the table! Go then, Voluse, Queuse, Infame!" screamed the Frenchman, glaring at Eleanor.

The girl took no notice of him. Her sobs grew every moment louder and more hysterical. The major looked at her helplessly.

"Don't," he said, "my good creature, don't now. This is really dreadful, 'pon my soul, now. Come, come, now; cheer up, my dear, cheer up. You won't do anything by giving way, you know. I always tell Margaret that, when she thinks she can catch the train by sitting on the ground and crying, because her portmanteaus won't shut. Nobody ever did you know, and if you don't put your shoulder to the wheel—"

The major might have rambled on in this wise for some time; but the sobbing grew louder; and he felt that it was imperatively necessary that something energetic should be done in this crisis. A bright thought flashed upon him as he looked hopelessly round the room, and in another moment he had seized a small white crockery-ware jug from the Frenchman's toilet table, and launched its contents at Eleanor's head.

This was a second master-stroke. The girl looked up with her head dripping, but with her courage revived by the shock her senses had received.

She took off her wet bonnet, and pushed the drenched hair from her forehead.

"Oh, major," she said, "I know I have been very silly. But I was so taken by surprise. It seems so cruel that this should happen. I shall never get the will now."

"Stuff and nonsense, my dear," exclaimed Major Leonard. "What's to prevent your getting it?"

"What do you mean?"

"What's to prevent your *taking it?* We're not going to stand upon ceremony with such a feller as this, are we, Mrs. Monckton? He stole the will from you, and if you can get the chance, you'll return the compliment by stealing it from him. Fair play's a jewel, my dear Mrs. M., and nothing could be fairer than that. So we'll set to work at once; and I hope you'll excuse the cold water, which was meant in kindness, I assure you."

Eleanor smiled, and gave the major her hand.

"I'm sure it was," she said. "I scarcely liked the idea of your coming with me, major, for fear you should do some mischief by being a little too impetuous. But I don't know what I should have done without you."

Major Leonard shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating gesture.

"I *might* have been useful to you, my dear," he said, "if the fellow had been all right and I could have punched his head: but one can't get any credit out of a chap when he's in that state," added the major, pointing to the commercial traveller, who was taking journeys on his own account into the horrible regions of an intemperate man's fancy.

"Now, the first thing we shall want, Mrs. Monckton," said the major, "is a candle and a box of lucifers. We must have a light before we can do anything."

It was not dark yet; but the twilight was growing grayer and grayer, and the shadows were gathering in the corners of the room.

Victor Bourdon lay glaring at his two visitors through the dusk, while the major groped about the mantlepiece for a box of lucifers. He was not long finding what he wanted. He struck a little waxen match against the greasy paper of the wall, and then lighted an end of candle in a tawdry cheap china candlestick.

"Ease her! ease her!" cried the Frenchman; "I see the lights ahead off Normandy, on the side of the wind. She'll strike upon a rock before we know where we are. What are they about, these English sailors? are they blind, that they don't see the light?"

Major Leonard, with the candle in his hand, set to work to look for the missing document. He did not look very systematically, but as he pulled out every drawer and opened every cupboard, and shook out the contents of every receptacle, flinging them remorselessly upon the floor, he certainly looked pretty effectually. Eleanor, kneeling on the ground among the chaotic heaps of clothes and papers, tattered novels, broken meerschaum pipes and stale cigar ends, examined every pocket, every book, and every paper separately, but with no result. The drawers had been ransacked, the cupboards disemboweled, a couple of portmanteaus completely emptied. Every nook and corner of the two small rooms had been most throughly searched, first by the major in a slapdash and military manner; afterwards by Eleanor, who did her work with calmness and deliberation, though her heart was beating, and the hot blood surging in her over excited brain. Every possible hiding place in the two rooms had

"Stop talking! Your count often ma[illegible]

"One," I said in their dull ears, [illegible]

Anthem! Two."

"Two," I yelled.

Exotic of the right fabula! Three."

Three!" I gasped.

Cozzigis! Four."

Murder!" said I.—"Four."

confirmed dissonance of the right vo[illegible]

Five."

sh, doctor! dear doctor, ain't you most [illegible]

ght? I feel faint."

hrough! No, not half through. Way, [illegible]

lend, Pandora's box was nothing to [illegible]

chest. You have sphynxiness, and [illegible]

sis, and conchology, and geology [illegible]

e my knees trembled so I leaned [illegible]

ts the table for support.

d permanent laxation of the sustentic [illegible]

f the right phalanx."

only answer was a deprecatory ges[illegible]

d scrofulous diathesis and contagio[illegible]

k to the floor in utter despair.

triction!" he yelled, for he saw I [illegible]

ing fast—" and mastification and—"

n I woke to consciousness again, I [illegible]

myself in a puddle of water, an [illegible]

bucket near by, and the unpleas[illegible]

of my chest, shouting something [illegible]

ear, of which however I could hear [illegible]

Hoff-

nor; died feebly in acknowledgment of his [illegible]

ms. At a sign from him, two st[illegible]

s drew near, and having lifted him [illegible]

hair, for he was absolutely blank in [illegible]

could re[illegible] with the violence of his exertions, [illegible]

his hand[illegible]ed me to a perpendicular, and the [illegible]

clutched at something in his breast. It was [illegible]

a folded paper which he snatched out of the [illegible]

bosom of his shirt, and waved triumphantly above his head.

"Aha, Monsieur Long—collotte!" he screamed. "I will pay thee for thy insolence, my friend."

But before the Frenchman's uplifted arm had described a second circle in the air above his head, the Major swooped down upon him, snatched away the paper, handed it to Eleanor, and secured Monsieur Bourdon's wrists with the silk handkerchief.

So brief had been the interval of semi-consciousness, that the commercial traveller had already forgotten all about Launcelot Darrell and his own wrongs, and had rambled off again into impotent execrations against the imaginary demons amongst the bed-curtains.

Eleanor unfolded the paper, but she only read the first few words, "I, Maurice de Crespigny, being at this time, &c.," for before she could read more, the door of the outer room was suddenly opened, and Richard Thornton hurried through into the bed-chamber.

But not Richard only, behind him came Gilbert Monckton, and it was he into whose outstretched arms Eleanor flung herself.

"You will believe me now, Gilbert," she cried. "I have found the proof of Launcelot Darrell's guilt at last."

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

☞ The editor of an English paper was recently presented with a stone, upon which were carved the following letters. The editor was informed that the stone was taken from an old building, and he was requested to solve the inscription. It read

Forc	ATT
Letor	Ubtem
Ibta	IlsAg
A In	St——

Eminent men were called in to consult upon the matter, and after an immense amount of time consumed, they were informed that the stone was—

"For cattle to rub their tails against!"

☞ Nothing escapes the researches of this investigating age. In London they have actually established a Ghost Club to inquire into the possibility of the return of spirits from the other world. The Club has energetically commenced business by advertising for a "haunted house." We trust it will pursue its investigations until this vexed question is finally put to rest—along with the ghosts themselves.

☞ PUNISHMENT OF REBELS.—As soon as a republic has compassed the destruction of those who wanted to subvert it, there should be an end of terrors, punishments, and even of rewards. Great punishments, and consequently great changes, cannot take place without investing some citizens with an exorbitant power. It is therefore more advisable in this case to exceed in lenity than in severity; to banish but few rather than many; and to leave them their estates, instead of making a vast number of confiscations. Under pretence of avenging the republic's cause, the avengers would establish tyranny. The business is not to destroy the rebel, but the rebellion. They ought to return as quick as possible into the usual track of government, in which every one is protected by the laws, and no one injured.—*Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws.*

☞ A pair of government shoes was last week made in Boston for a Norwegian, a man of gigantic proportions. The size is No. 20, and the measure as follows: Heel, 16 inches, ankle 13 inches, instep 13 inches, toes 11½ inches. He is a color sergeant in an artillery regiment of the army, and is at present at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor.

EVENING POST

WO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 2.

A writer in the Jefferson Gazette, dating at Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, Va., Sept. 16, writes to that paper a description of a remarkable meteorological phenomenon witnessed in that town. It was seen by our pickets a few miles from the town. The same scene has been described in several respectable papers, the editors of which all vouch for the reliability of their informants. The writer says:

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed, a few miles west of this place, at the house of Mrs. Pearcy, on the first day of this month, at about 5 o'clock P. M., by Mr. Moses Sawyers, and others, who happened to be seated in her porch at the time, as well as by others at or near the house.

The weather was quite hot and dry, not a cloud could be seen, no wind even ruffled the foliage on the surrounding trees. All things being propitious, the grand phenomenon began to move. Just over and through the tops of the trees on the adjacent hills on the south, immense numbers of rolls resembling cotton or smoke, apparently of the size and shape of dozens, seemed to be passing rapidly through the air, yet in beautiful order, and regularity. The rolls seemed to be tinged on the edge with light green, so as to resemble a border or deep fringe. There were apparently thousands of them, and were, perhaps, an hour in getting by. After these had passed over and out of sight the scene was changed from the air above to the earth beneath, and became more intensely interesting to the spectators who were witnessing the panorama from different stand-points. In the deep valley beneath, thousands upon thousands of (apparently) human beings (men) came in view, travelling in the same direction as the rolls, marching in good order, some thirty or forty in depth, moving rapidly, "double quick," and unaccompanied sounding music of the almost inaccountable hills opposite, and had the stoop peculiar to men when they ascend a steep mountain. There seemed to be great variety in the size of men, some were very large, whilst others were quite small. Their arms, legs and heads could be distinctly seen in motion. They seemed to observe strict military discipline, and there were no stragglers.

There was uniformity of dress, loose white blouses or shirts, with white pants, wore hats, and were without guns, swords or anything that indicated "men of war." On they came through the valley and over the steep hill, crossing the road, and finally passing out of sight, in a direction due north from those who were looking on.

The gentleman who witnessed this is a man with whom you were once acquainted, Mr. Editor, and as truthful a man as we have in this county, and as little liable to be carried away by "fanciful speculations" as any man living. Four others (respectable ladies) and a servant girl witnessed this strange phenomenon. W.

P. S. On the 14th instant the same scene, almost identical, was seen by eight or ten of our pickets at Bunger's Mill, and by many of the citizens in that neighborhood; this is about four miles east of Pearcy's. It was about one hour passing.

☞ The Rochester Democrat states that one fruit-grower living in the vicinity of that city, sent to market the past season, *thirteen hundred bushels of strawberries*, raised upon a single patch of sixteen acres of ground, all of the Wilson Seedling and Triomphe de Gand varieties. The entire crop was sold at an average price of one shilling per quart, realizing the snug sum of five thousand two hundred dollars, as the product of sixteen acres of ground. This fact is given as a sample of the profit to be derived from thoroughly scientific fruit-growing.

☞ A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, endeavoring to overtake the army in the mountain region of Kentucky, inquired of an old man the whereabouts of Burnside, hoping to be told that he was a dozen or two miles ahead and encamped. On the question being put, the old man pointed his finger to the south and said, slowly and quietly, as if he was announcing a most satisfactory thing, "Over thar, 'bout hundred and fifty miles, on a dog-trot night and day, goin' like h—."

☞ One day little Molly, six years old, said to her uncle, who was visiting at her father's—"Uncle Harry, do you say your prayers to God?" He replied—"Certainly; everybody does who is good." "No, they don't," said Molly, "for ma is good, and she always says hers to a chair."

☞ The Lewistown Journal records the remarkable case of a young man volunteering to go as a substitute for a friend who had been drafted, because that friend ought not to leave his family, and the young man felt that he owed personal service to his country. Having accumulated $1,500, he made a will devising in case he should not return, $700 to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, and $300 to the American Bible Society, the rest to be divided among his brothers. Having thus arranged his private affairs, the heroic youth left for the field of battle.

☞ Garibaldi, after a year of suffering, is now entirely cured. The wound is cicatrised, and the foot, the articulation of which was thought to have been lost, has recovered its elasticity. The general was able to walk, a short time ago, about twenty steps, without either crutches or stick. Dr. Albanese, who alone has attended Garibaldi during the last seven months, has left Caprera, his patient no longer requiring his services.

☞ The Emperor of China, though only fourteen years old, is great on titles. He styles himself the Governor of Five Thousand Islands, Brother to the Sun, Moon and Stars, and Cousin to the Barbarian Queen (meaning the Queen of England, who must feel highly complimented by the honor done her!) The Rebel or Taiping Chief goes beyond this, and styles himself the Brother of Jesus Christ.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is dreary, and the only transactions reach 13,000 bbls in lots at $6@6 25 for common to good straight extras; $6 37½@6 50 for choice extra family, and $6 62½@7 for low grade and good fresh ground do; the sales to the trade are to a fair extent within the above range of prices for extras, $6@6 37½ for superfine, and $7 62½@8 50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour is scarce. Corn Meal is quiet; sales of Pennsylvania at $4 ₱ bbl. Pennsylvania is firmly held.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat has been in fair demand for milling at an advance of fully 2c on last week's prices, with sales of 60,000 bus at $1 30@1 40 for common to prime reds, mostly at $1 32½@1 35 for the latter for choice new Pennsylvania and Delaware, and $1 38 to $1 75 for white, as to quality. Rye has also advanced, and all offered, 6000 bus, found ready sale at $1 10@1 15. Corn is better, and about 30,000 bus found buyers at 93@100c for mixed Western, and 90@ 93c for yellow, including some damaged lots at 87@88c. Oats have further advanced, with sales of 35,000 bus to note at equal to 80@86c weighed. Barley and Malt are in quiet request.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer and rather more active. Mess Pork is selling freely at $14,80@15 for new, and old at $12,75@13,00 for do. Beef is steady at $6@6 50 for Western and city Mess, and the sales limited. Bacon is selling slowly at 12@13c for bagged Hams, 12@ 12½c for Sides, and 6½@7c for Shoulders. Lard is in fair demand at prices firm. We quote Hams at 9¼@9½c, and Shoulders at 6¼c. Lard is in fair demand at 11@11¼c for tcs, and 12¼c for bags, with sales of 1000 bags, mostly of the former. Butter is selling freely at 12@18c for State; 18@23c for Ohio, and 20@27c for New York, and choice lots scarce. Roll is beginning to arrive, and sells 20@26c. Cheese is firm, and sells at 12@14c, and fine scarce. Eggs are firm, and selling at 20c ₱ dozen, lots.

COTTON—The market has been excited and prices have gone up 6@8c ₱ lb since the close of last week, with sales of 1500 bales to note at from 50 to 60c for low grade, up to 85@86½c for middling and good middling quality.

ASHES are firmer, with a limited business doing in the way of sales.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron arriving, and prices are better, with sales of about 100 bbls to note in small lots at $31@32 for No 1, including some of a better brand at $35 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quiet, and prices about the same.

BEESWAX comes in slowly, and commands 46@44c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is unsettled but quite active, with a fair business doing for the season, both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE—The market is better; about 1200 bags have been disposed of in lots at 20@20½c for Rio; 20c for Laguayra, and 24c for Porto Rico, cash and time.

COPPER is firm and Yellow Metal steady, with sales of the latter at 30c ₱ lb for Sheets.

FEATHERS are scarce and good Western are quoted at 55@55c, with small sales.

FRUIT—Cranberries are worth $11@13 ₱ bbl. Apples are selling at 2@2½@3½ ₱ bbl. Of dried fruit the receipts and sales are limited.

HAY is selling at $20@23 ₱ ton, and the market is firm.

HEMP remains quiet.

HOPS are steady, with moderate sales of new at 26@28c, and old at 20@24c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market continues buoyant and excited, and most of the makers of Pig Metal being sold up, the only sales we hear of are 300 tons gray forge at $33 cash, and 600 tons hot blast charcoal at $40, 4 mos. Cold blast is worth $50 ₱ ton, and Anthracite $26 for No 1 and $25 for No 2, cash; Scotch Pig is scarce at $30.

LEAD is better. Sales at $6,75 for Galena and $6,62½ the 100 lbs for foreign, cash.

LUMBER—The market is better and very active. White Pine has been selling freely at $30@35 ₱ M for Boards of all sorts, and Hemlock Raft Lumber at $14@15. Shingles are steady at $1 5@2 and Laths at $1,40@1,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm and on the basis of $1 with small sales of Cuba and New Orleans at full prices.

OILS—For Petroleum the demand has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower.

PLASTER continues in request, and soft sells freely on arrival at $4,50 ₱ ton.

RICE remains quiet, and the market steady and firm at 7¼@7½c ₱ lb for East India.

SEEDS—There is little or no Cloverseed offering or selling; we quote it nominally at $5@ 6,50 ₱ bus. Timothy is inactive at $2,50@3 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is better, and selling at $3 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are firmer. N E Rum is better and quoted at 67@68c. Whiskey has further advanced, with sales of Penna and Ohio bbls at 58@59c, and drudge at 55@56c.

SUGARS—The market has been very active, and prices are rather better, with free sales, in all some 3500 hhds and 1000 boxes to note, mostly Cuba, at 11¼@11¾c, and Porto Rico at 12¾@14c, on time.

TALLOW is more active at 11¼@12¾c, the latter for city.

TOBACCO remains quiet but firm. Penna Seed Leaf is taken freely on arrival at 12@25c ₱ lb.

WOOL—The market is excited and more active. Sales of about 300,000 lbs are reported at 70@78c for low grade medium and fine fleece and tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2873 head. The prices realized from 7 to 9¼ cents ₱ lb 140 Cows brought from $30 to 52 ₱ head. 13,000 Sheep were sold at from 4¾ to 5 cts ₱ lb gross. 900 Hogs at from $7,00 to 8,00 ₱ cwt net.

THE BEST PILLS TO TAKE.
THE BEST PILLS TO TAKE.
THE BEST PILLS TO TAKE.

Dr. Radway's Pills are the easiest pills to swallow. They are elegantly coated with gum, occasion neither sickness, straining, tenesmus, weakness or irritation. They purge thoroughly, cleanse, purify and equalize the circulation of the blood. Other purgatives may afford temporary relief, but Radway's Pills will effect a cure; other pills may afford a little ease, but Radway's Pills will save your life. Let those who have taken other pills and medicines for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous Affections, Gout, Piles, Biliousness, Headache, Enlargement of the Spleen, Affections of the Kidneys, and other established diseases, without deriving a perfect cure, take Radway's Pills. One to six boxes are warranted to cure you. Price 25 cents per box.

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"Sold by Druggists."

☞ PAIN KILLER.—We can recommend, on the best authority, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, as a remedy unsurpassed for the cure of Sudden Colds, Coughs, DIPTHERIA and Sore Throat, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Affections, Chilblains and Frosted Feet, Burns and Scalds, Tooth and Face Ache, Pains in the Back, Joints, Limbs and Side, Felons, Boils, and all kindred diseases.

Dr. Ware, of Columbus, Ga., says, for Neuralgia of the Back, or Lumbago, it surpasses any medicine I have ever used.

Dr. Stuart says it is excellent to remove the soreness after bone-setting.

Dr. Hall recommends it as an excellent liniment for Rheumatism.

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May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

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GEO. N. LEWIS, 96 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE A. GUERNSEY, to Miss MARTHA M. MULFORD, both of Salem county, N. J.

On the 7th instant, at the Church, Burlington, N. J., by the Rev. R. Morton, Mr. WILLIAM BENHAM, to LAURA, youngest daughter of the late Bartholomew Foster, of Philadelphia.

On the 18th of Sept. by the Rev. J. McCullough, Mr. ISAAC H. BRADSHAW, to Miss FANNIE D. CRANDAL, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. G. Scott, Mr. JOHN T. FERNANDES, to Miss MARIA GARNEY, daughter of Mr. Geo. Armstrong.

On the 25th of Sept. by the Rev. J. Chambers, WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, to Miss ANNA M. daughter of T. N. Pearson, both of this city.

On the 30th of Sept. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JACOB A. MIKLE, U. S. A., of this city, to Mrs. ANNA D. LEWIS, of Charleston, S. C.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. CHARLES H. BENSON, to Miss MOSINA HALDY, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. SAMUEL A. WALTERS, to Miss WILHELMINA ANTHONY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, HARRY W. TALMAGE, in his 18th year.

On 4th day, 7th instant, SAMUEL C. SHEPARD, in his 61st year.

On the 5th instant, SARAH SERGEANT, widow of the Hon. Thos. Sergeant.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. LYDIA R. JOHNSON, aged 38 years.

On the 6th instant, SAMUEL SYLVESTER, in his 46th year.

On the 8th instant, Mr. GIDEON PALMER, a soldier of the war of 1813, aged 69 years.

On the 6th instant, JOSEPH W. BOWLEY, Printer, in his 20th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. EDWARD KELLEY, aged 73 years.

On the 4th instant, WILLIAM HART, Jr. in his 37th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE BUCKLEY, in her 98th year.

On the 4th instant, WILLIAM ANDERSON, aged 50 years.

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An English Grammar (recently published) $0,75.
First Lessons in Composition, 63.
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New Method for the MELODEON and other INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORGAN CLASS, selected mainly "*Zundel's Celebrated Melodeon Instructor*," and containing *Easy Lessons*, and attractive Music, including the POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY, and a variety of PSALM AND HYMN TUNES. A book that cannot fail to give satisfaction. Price only $1,00. On receipt of which it will be sent, post-paid.

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CELEBRATED PIANOS,
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sep26-4t

DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT
A certain cure for pains in Limbs and Back, Sore Throats, Croup, Rheumatism, Colic, &c., &c. A perfect family medicine, and never fails. Read! Read!! Read!!!

LIVONIA, WAYNE CO., MICH., June 16, 1859.

This is to certify that my wife was taken with Quinsey Sore Throat; it commenced to swell, and was so sore that she could not swallow, and coughed violently. I used your Liniment, and made a perfect cure in one week. I firmly believe that but for the Liniment she would have lost her life.

JOHN H. HARLAN.

Price 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Office, 58 Cortlandt Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.
sep17-eow3t

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

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SEWING MACHINES,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1861.

The curtailment of litigation expenses, consequent upon the recent decisions of the United States Courts, which confirm the validity of our patents and interdict their infringement, enables us to benefit the public by important reductions in the prices of our SEWING MACHINES. They are now sold with valuable improvements at the following reduced

PRICES:

No. 1 MACHINE, SINGLE THREAD, with
Full Case, Polished Rosewood, $100,00
Half Case, Polished Rosewood, 90,00
Half Case, Painted, Black Walnut, 70,00
Plain Table, 65,00

No. 2 MACHINE, PLAIN, with
Half Case, Polished Black Walnut or Mahogany, $85,00
Half Case, Painted, 80,00
Plain Table, 65,00

The HIGHEST PREMIUM has been awarded for the WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S FAIR, now being held in London, England, with all other Sewing Machines in competition.

[The number 2, plain table, (worth $65) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE POST—or *Prospectus*. We will arrange for either of the other machines manufactured by Wheeler & Wilson, at a proportionate increase of subscribers and money.

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Publishers Saturday Evening Post.]

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All orders for GOVERNMENT SECURITIES promptly attended to.

UNCURRENT MONEY Bought and Sold.

Collection of NOTES, DRAFTS, &c., made in all the Loyal States and Canada.

DRAFTS furnished on all accessible points.
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SOMETHING FOR EVERY LADY AND GENTLEMAN.

AMBROSIA is a stimulating oily extract of roots, barks and herbs. It will cure all diseases of the scalp and itching of the head, entirely eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning prematurely gray, causes it to grow thick and long. Beware of imitations. None genuine but Dr. Sterling's.

READ AND SEE
READ AND SEE
READ AND SEE
WHAT DR. H. H. STERLING'S
AMBROSIA WILL DO
AMBROSIA WILL DO
AMBROSIA WILL DO
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.
IN EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that about 18 months ago, I commenced using STERLING'S AMBROSIA. My hair was short, thin, and rapidly falling off. I had tried many Hair Tonics, invigorators, &c., without receiving any benefit. Soon after using Ambrosia, my hair ceased falling out, and commenced growing so rapidly as to astonish me. Now my hair is thick, soft and glossy, and each of the two locks is over five feet and four inches in length—when let fall it reaches to the floor. This wonderful result I attribute solely to the use of STERLING'S AMBROSIA, as since I have commenced using it I have applied nothing else to my hair.

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ONE GENUINE but DR. H. H. STERLING'S.
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Sold by all Druggists.
Put up in a box containing two bottles. Price $1.
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FICKARDT'S CATTLE POWDER.

The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in the thirank of all the most able and fashionexperienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this not mocountry for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the sion of diseases in which it is used, it stands far superand firnior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a distal fon cased and unhealthy condition, but on the contheir ihetary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its Feed, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your Horses, Cattle and Hogs in a proper natural condition, thereby enabling their Systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the prudent and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared only by

WILLIAM RALSTON.

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no money. "But I might get some, perhaps. Tell me, how much do you want?"

"Several pounds."

Bonnar shook her head despondently.

"Impossible!" she said; "there is no one, except my husband, from whom I could get such an amount, and I could not ask him for money again! I had proved Launcelot Darrell's inability."

The Frenchman watched her closely. He saw that she had spoken the truth.

"You do not know how much this will is worth to you, madame," he said. "Remember, I could make terms with Launcelot Darrell, and sell it to him for perhaps ten times the sum I ask of you. But Monsieur Darrell was insolent to me; he struck me once with the butt-end of his hunting-whip; I do not forget. I could get more money from him; but I can get my revenge through you."

He hissed out these words between his teeth, and glared vindictively at the fountain, as if the phantom of Launcelot Darrell had been looking at him out of the sparkling water-drops. Revenge was not a beautiful thing, as represented by Victor Bourdon. Perhaps Eleanor may have thought of this as she looked at him.

"I want my revenge," he repeated; "after all, gold is a villain thing. Revenge is more dear—to gentlemen. Besides, I do not think you would pay me ungenerously if I helped you to crush this scoundrel, and helped you to something else, by the market, Hein?"

"I tell you again that you shall be well rewarded," Mrs. Monckton said gravely.

"Very well, then, listen to me. It is to-day, Tuesday. In a week I shall have time to think. In a week you will have leisure to gather together a little money—all you can get; at the end of that time come to me at my apartment—bring with you any friend you like. I do not think that you are traitor—or ingrate—and you see I trust you. I will have my friend, the—what you call him—attorney, with me—and we may come to an arrangement. You shall sign a contract—well ruled—for to pay me in the future, and then the will is to you. You return to England; you say, Aha, Monsieur Launcelot, walk out of that. It is your turn to be chased."

Victor Bourdon grinned ferociously, then took a memorandum-book from his pocket, wrote a few words in pencil, tore out the leaf upon which they were written, and handed it to Mrs. Monckton.

"That is my address," he said. "On Tuesday, at seven o'clock in the evening, I shall expect to see you there, and your friend. But if you think to betray me, I am not the man to forget. I have the honor to salute you, madame. *Bon jour.*"

He took off his hat with a flourish, and walked away. Eleanor sat for some minutes where he had left her, thinking over what had happened, before she went off to look for Mrs. Leonard.

That night she told the Leonards who she was, and all her story. She felt that it was better to do so. She must have freedom now to act, and to act promptly. She could not do this and yet preserve her secret. Her old ally, Richard Thornton, would be indispensable to her in this crisis, and she wrote to him early in the morning after her interview with Monsieur Bourdon, imploring him to come to her immediately.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE HORRORS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

No letter came from Richard Thornton. Eleanor was seized with a kind of panic a the days went by, and there was no answ from the young man, the faithful frien without whose help she felt herself powerless.

Eleanor had addressed her letter to Pilasters, enclosed in an envelope direct to Signora Picirillo, with a few hurried li requesting that it might be immediately warded to the scene-painter. He was Scotland still, very likely, and some d must elapse before he could respon Eleanor's summons. She felt assured he would come to her. There are friends whom goodness we no more d than we doubt the power of God; Richard Thornton was one of these.

But the week passed, and no reply to Eleanor's appeal for help, so she beg ful that she stood alone, and must herself. She must act for herself, a think of getting any assistance from the major or his wife in this business, demanded foresight, coolness, and ma macy, would have been about as reasonable as to apply to one of the children playing under the trees in the gardens of the Tuileries.

As far as sympathy went, Major and Mrs. Leonard were all that the most exacting individual could require. The major offered to do anything in a muscular way on behalf of his wife's friend. Should he punch the head of that scoundrelly Frenchman?—Should he go over to England and horse-whip Launcelot Darrell, and bring Gilbert Monckton to reason, and play up old goose-berry altogether? This good-natured Hercules was ready to hit out right and left in the defence of poor Eleanor.

But the one friend whom Mrs. Monckton wanted in this crisis was Richard Thornton—Richard, the clear-sighted, even-tempered, unprejudiced young man, who was ready to go through fire and water for the sake of his beautiful adopted sister, without noise or bluster; and when the Tuesday, the day appointed by the Frenchman for Eleanor's visit to his apartments, came, and Richard Thornton did not come with it, the lonely girl almost gave way to despair.

She felt that she had to encounter a wretch who was utterly without honor or honesty, and who, seeing the value which she set upon the possession of Maurice de Crespigny's will, would be all the more exacting in his demands. And she had nothing to bribe him with; nothing.

She had been too proud to appeal to her husband; for ever impulsive, for ever inconsiderate, she had not stopped to think that he of all others was the most fitting person to stand by her in this crisis. At first the thought of writing to Gilbert Monckton had indeed flashed across her mind, but in the next moment she had remembered the bitter humiliation of her last failure.

She could not endure another such degradation; and she had seen treachery and dishonor so long triumph over the simple force of truth, that she had begun to think that wrong was stronger than right, and always must be victorious.

"If I were to write and ask Gilbert to come to me, this Frenchman would perhaps disappear before my husband could arrive; or he would be afraid of Gilbert, very likely, and would deny any knowledge of the will and I should appear a convicted trickster who had heaped up one falsehood upon other, in the weak attempt to justify No, Gilbert Monckton shall hear nothing of me until I can go to him with the kingdom of Fife, Crespigny's will in my hand——, a good man,

But in the meantime evident disposition anxiety grew every day. What reliance could words of the Frenchman that way div I never see tered him while I the sense of it," said Jeanie, "to be plain wi' his feelin na a pair o' shoon to gang wi'." swunter pair o' shoes, Jeanie! Jeanie, I thin na let ye stay at hame for that; what could a pair cost?"

"About four shillings, sir."

Putting his hand into his pocket, he gave Jeanie the money, and went his way. Some time after, meeting her again, he said—

"Dear me, Jeanie, I've never seen ye in the kirk yet; what way is that?"

"Well, sir," said Jeanie, "to be plain wi' ye, when the weather's guid, and me has time, I prefer gaun to Dumfarlin' to hear Mr. Gallespie."

"Oh, yes, Jeanie, lass, that's the way o'd, isn't? You might has gi'en me the first day o' the shoon, any way!"

NO MORE PEER.—A fire was discovered a building occupied by a Teutonic gentleman as a lager beer saloon. The firemen were promptly on the spot, and an entrance forced into the basement, in order that water might be thrown upon the flames, which had already spread to an alarming extent. The usual noise and confusion attendant upon such occasions were manifested, but the inmates of the building were apparently wrapped so close in the embraces of the drowsy god that nothing could arouse them to a sense of their impending danger. After continued unsuccessful attempts to rouse the sleeping family, it was finally decided that the door should be broken open, and an axe was procured for that purpose. At this moment, when the axe was uplifted by a stalwart arm to deal a crushing blow, a window above was heard to open softly, and a guttural voice issued forth—

"Poys, you might shoost as well go away; you gets no more peer here to-night!"

EXCUSE FOR POLYGAMY.—The story runs, that once in the dark ages, a young man was brought before the authorities, charged with having married several wives. When called upon for his defence, he said:—"It is true, most learned judges, that I have married several women, but judge for yourselves whether my object in so doing was not praiseworthy. A man has surely a right, if he buys an article for good and it turns out to be bad, to reject it. Now, I found that the first wife I married was ill-tempered, the second lazy, the third false, and so forth. All I want is to get a good one, and then I shall be satisfied." The bench was puzzled at first at this novel defence, but after a short consultation decreed, that as it would be impossible for the defendant to find a perfect wife except in the other world, he should be immediately put to death, to enable him to look for one. How many indignant feminine readers think he was served just right.

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accommodation bills; but one had a very positive notion of Victor Bourdon's character, and, though this plan *sounded* feasible enough, she did not think it would succeed.

"You are very good to me, Major Leonard," she said, "and believe me I appreciate your kindness; but I do not think that this Frenchman will consent to take anything but ready money. He could get that from Launcelot Darrell, remember, at any time."

Eleanor's only hope was the one chance that she might induce Victor Bourdon to accept her promise of a reward from Gilbert Monckton *after* the production of the will.

The neighborhood in which the commercial traveller lived, whenever he made Paris his headquarters, was one of the dingiest localities in the city. Major Leonard and Eleanor, after making numerous inquiries,

SCENE IN A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

MODEL.—"Fine day, sir."

PAINTER (aghast)—"Fine—good heavens, man! Where's your beard? What have you done to your face?"

MODEL.—"Me, sir? Naething, but just made my whiskers a wee thing decent wi' the shears."

PAINTER.—"Then you're an utterly ruined man, sir! and I'm very sorry for you.—You're not worth twopence. Good morning."

"FOLDED DOWN."

We read together here the book,
Our smiling, happy eyes cast down;
My hand was clasped in yours, then. Yes,
The leaf is folded down.

The tale of fancy, sweet and old—
If our lives' tale were but as true!
My faith is dead, my heart is cold—
The book was not read through.

We read together in the sun,
But left the page to gather flowers;
'Twas you who folded down the leaf!
Of those old, blissful hours!

—*Bruno Mortimer Babcon.*

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between two wines, and at those times he was enough abrupt, and was evidently by no means a favorite with madame the portress. But on looking into a dusky corner, where some keys were hanging upon a row of rusty nails, madame informed Eleanor that Monsieur Bourdon *was* at home, as his key was not among the rest, and it was his habit to leave it in her care when he went out. The portress seemed very much struck by this discovery, for she remarked that the last time she had seen Monsieur Bourdon go out had been early in the morning of Sunday, and that she did not remember having seen him re-enter.

But upon this a brisk young person of twelve or thirteen, who was busy getting up fine linen in the recesses of the lodge, cried out in a very shrill voice that Monsieur Bourdon had returned before mid-day on Sunday, looking a little ill, and dragging himself with a fatigued air.

He was at home, then, the portress exclaimed; at least, she did not utter any equivalent to our English word home, and in that avinced considerable wisdom, since a French lodging is a place so utterly unhomelike, that the meanest second floor at Islington or Chelsea, presided over by the most unconscionable of British landladies, becomes better than all the pleasures and palaces we can roam amidst—and it is not everybody who has the chance of roaming amidst pleasures and palaces,—by force of comparison. Monsieur was *chez lui*, the portress said, and would madame ascend?—Monsieur's apartment was on the entresol, with the windows giving upon the street. Madame would see a black door facing her upon the first landing.

Eleanor went up a short flight of steps, followed by the major. She knocked upon the panel of the black door—once, twice, three times; but there was no answer.

"I'd lay a fiver the feller's gone out again," the major exclaimed; "that jabbering Frenchwoman didn't seem to know what she was talking about."

But Eleanor knocked a fourth time, and very much louder than she had knocked before. There was no answer even this time; but a voice was heard within, blaspheming aloud with horrible French execrations that seemed to freeze Eleanor's blood as she listened to them.

She did listen to them, involuntarily, as people often listen in a crowded thoroughfare to the obnoxious clamor of a drunken man, paralyzed for the moment by the horror of his hideous oaths.

Eleanor turned very pale, and looked despairingly at the major.

"Hark," she whispered, "he is quarrelling with some one."

EATING WHEN SICK.

It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now, what can you eat?" Every one has heard the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion, when engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece?" "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away, pa's sick." When a young man, who has surfeited, in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something. People can't live without food." Then come toast and tea, etc. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating or food, than a jaded horse needs the whip. What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation, when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such a policy was generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

☞ A strong-minded woman, up town, was heard to remark, the other day, that she would marry a man who had plenty of money, though he was so ugly she had to scream out every time she looked at him.

APPLE PICKLES.—Sixteen pounds apples; 4 pounds sugar; 1 pint vinegar; ½ pint water; 1 ounce cloves; 1 ounce mace; 1 ounce cinnamon; 1 ounce cassia buds. Boil or steam the apples till tender. Put the spice into a bag, and boil with the other ingredients till the strength is extracted, then pour over the apples. Fit for use in a few days.

APPLE BISCUITS.—Boil apples in water till soft, then take them out and rub through a wire sieve, flavor with a drop or two of essence or oil of lemon, and if you like the taste, a drop of the oil of cloves. Add lump sugar equal in weight to the pulp, and grind it with it; roll the sugared pulp into flat cakes about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut them into shapes. Finally, dry them in a very slow oven, the heat not being strong enough to bake them or melt the sugar; they may be dried also by the summer's sun. They often require to be partially dried before they can be rolled out. They may, instead of rolling, be dropped on to paper, or put in a ring of paper upon a slightly greased iron plate.

HOW TO DRAW TEA.—A few years since, the writer took tea with a relative, and was delighted with the quality of the beverage. Upon inquiry, it proved that the article was from the same package used by another friend, whose tea always tasted miserably, and the difference was wholly owing to the methods used in its preparation. The last named person followed the usual plan of pouring boiling water upon the tea, which causes the most of the aroma to escape with the steam. The other friend adopted the following process, which I have since practiced, and would recommend: Pour tepid or cold water enough on the tea to cover it, place it on the stove-hearth, top of a teakettle, or any place where it will be warm, but not enough so as to cause the aroma to escape in steam. Let it remain half an hour, then pour on boiling water, and bring to the table.

HOW ANIMALS COOL OFF.

Every observing farmer knows that men and horses are the only animals that have double means of refrigeration, and all others have but one. No other beings sweat like men and horses, and therefore, cannot cool themselves by perspiring through the skin. This will be found true throughout the whole range of comparative anatomy, and applies to the largest as well as the smallest beings. All the thick-skinned animals, except the horse, have no pewers in the skin to exhale heat by perspiration, it being only a secretive surface. All the cloth fine species, including those with feet and toes, rounded and unprovided with claws, the rhinoceros, elephant, bison, mammoth, mastodon, buffalo, ox, swine, deer, the lion, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, squirrel, dormouse, opossum, raccoon, all, like the dog, have no means of cooling themselves when heated, except through the medium of respiration. Thus the ox, when very hot, thrusts out his tongue and pants, to exhale the heat generated by exercise, and if driven without time allowed for this, will die with the heat that accumulates within him. Hogs often die when driven too fast, because they cannot part with the general heat.

A GOOD HINT.—To improve the breed of animals, it is by no means necessary to incur a great expense in bringing animals from a distance. If a farmer will mount his horse and ride across the country some fine day, and view the stock of his neighbors, he will soon perceive that there are abundant means of bettering his circumstances by a cross or exchange, at a slight cost, and he by this plan will improve his judgment by comparison, and hoard up experience for a future day that will be more value to him than the expense of many such excursions; and improvement once begun and persisted in for a short time, will produce such a corresponding improvement in the mind and circumstances of the farmer as will insure its continuation, and richly reward all his labor and outlay.

TREE PLANTING.—It was stated in an article lately published in one of our daily papers that the French Government encourages the owners of mountain land to plant forest trees, and that according to official returns nearly 30,000 acres were planted last year. The Government have six houses for drying seeds of forest trees. In 1861 it had 473 nurseries, and 350 were added to them in 1863, capable of producing 40,000,000 plants. As an encouragement of further efforts, one instance is mentioned of a tract of 150 acres being offered for sale in 1844 at 7,000£, but no buyer could be found at that price. It was then planted with the Scotch fir, and is now valued at more than 70,000£

Useful Receipts.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.—Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them till they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

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Agricultural.

NAILS IN FRUIT TREES.

A gentleman stated to us that while on a visit to a neighbor, his attention was called to a large peach orchard, every tree of which was totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm, with the exception of three, and these were the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees that he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to his host was an experiment made in consequence of observing that those parts of wormeaten timber into which nails had been driven were generally sound. When his trees were about a year old he drove a tenpenny nail through the body as near the ground as possible. While the balance of his orchard had failed, and finally yielded to the ravages of the worms, three of these trees selected at random, treated precisely in the same manner with the exception of nailing, had always been healthy, furnishing him at the very same period with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit. It is supposed the salt of iron afforded by the nails is offensive to the worms, while it is harmless, perhaps even beneficial, to the tree. A chemical writer on the subject, says:

"The oxydation of the rusting of the iron by the sap evolves ammonia, which, as the sap rises, will of course impregnate every particle of foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insects."

The writer recommends driving half-a-dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of the kind resulted successfully.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM T. TOTTEN.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 20, 5, 4, 6, is an article of food.
My 2, 3, 16, 8, 11, is a male's name.
My 7, 5, 17, is what the ancients deposited the remains of the dead in.
My 9, 7, 21, 22, is to what we shall return.
My 12, 13, 14, is a name applied to the female sex.
My 16, 6, 14, signifies anger.
My 15, 16, 19, 21, 16, 14, 21, is a band of young people.
My 13, 10, 11, is a negation.
My whole is what we long for weekly.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 6, 8, 12, 5, is what our soldiers have to do.
My 9, 14, 16, is a nickname.
My 4, 13, 10, 15, is to fasten.
My 11, 2, 3, 13, 5, is a number.
My 4, 13, 17, 7, is a child's toy.
My whole is a name applied to one of our best generals.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in large, but not in small.
My 2nd is in some, but not in all.
My 3rd is in horse, but not in beast.
My 4th is in north, but not east.
My 5th is in barge, but not in boat.
My 6th is in vest, but not in coat.
My 7th is in Madrid, but not in Spain.
My 8th is in rye, but not in grain.
My 9th is in lie, but not in truth.
My 10th is in teeth, but not in tooth.
My whole is a noble and worthy youth,
Known to the readers of the "Post," forsooth.

Talbot Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a scientific game,
Which many love to play;
My second is an article,
Used in our speech each day.
My third from ev'ry mountain rangs,
Braving the tempest's might,
Rises in solemn majesty,
Before the pilgrim's sight.
My whole, a wide expansive bay,
Within this Union free,
Rolls out its proudly dashing waves,
In beauty to the sea.

Baltimore. EMILY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

During a journey that my second took on my third he did my first continually, and constructed many articles that showed my whole.
What is it?

Burlington, Vt. E. F.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A gentleman having three square farms which contain in all 140 acres of land, what is the length of each farm providing that the sum of all the lengths is equal to 240 rods? and the difference between the length of the second and the length of the first is equal to the difference between the length of the third and the length of the second? ANDROS.

Mount Carroll, Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Given the base of a plane triangle (63), the difference of the other two sides (27), and the diameter of the inscribed circle (15), to find the sides. RUEBEN BARTO.

Fredericksburg, Lebanon Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The area of a certain right angled triangle is six square feet. If the length of base and perpendicular be multiplied by the hypothenuse it will lack just as much of being equal to the square of the area as the hypothenuse lacks of being equal to the area of triangle. Required—the sides. GILL BATES.

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why didn't the last dove return to the ark? Ans.—Because she had *sufficient ground* for remaining.

☞ Why are all games of chess of equal duration? Ans.—Because it takes just four knights to play every game.

☞ Why is a man dead drunk like a piece of field artillery ready for action? Ans.—Because he's all limbered up.

☞ Why are pegged boots like the Ghost in Hamlet? Ans.—Because they "harrow up the sole."

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMA.—Ward-robe. RIDDLE.—The letter L. ANAGRAMS.—Halleck, Gillmore, Ashley, Sherman, Osterhaus, Burnside, Fremont, Stonewall.

Answer to PROBLEM by S. J. D., published Sept. 5th. 46 acres and 40 perches, or 46¼ acres. Artemas Martin, Venango county, Pa.; R. Barto, Lebanon county, Pa., Thos. Whelpley, Monroe, Mich., and Gill Bates, Iowa.